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DEMOCRACY IN NICARAGUA
See Page 454

EDITORIAL

LAWLESSNESS IN ULSTER

Deprived these days of the white man's burden in Aden, Kenya and Cyprus, Britain's role as a colonial policeman is limited to Northern Ireland. For centuries, Irish Catholics have been caricatured as drunken Paddies and violence-prone Micks. Since the 1970s this ancient bigotry has merged with the modern doctrines of national security, with conventional war against the Irish Republican Army giving way to elite police counterterrorism and trial without jury.

The spate of killings since March 6, when three unarmed I.R.A. suspects were executed in Gibraltar by agents of Britain's Special Air Service, has been particularly grisly: three mourners killed by grenades at the Belfast funeral of the Gibraltar victims, and two British plainclothes soldiers beaten and shot to death at the funeral that followed. But the new crisis in Britain's Northern Ireland policy began in January, when a Court of Appeals confirmed the convictions of six men accused of the 1974 Birmingham pub bombings, ignoring fresh evidence of their innocence. Then came *Stalker*, the explosive autobiography of John Stalker, a former special investigator who was relieved of duty after accusing the Royal Ulster Constabulary of cover-ups in a series of killings.

In the House of Commons, the two soldiers' deaths were an act of "appalling savagery"; the Gibraltar killings, a "robust action." John Stalker has broken with that official language. Of the 1982 killing of Michael Tighe, a 17-year-old uninvolved with politics, he observed, "This is the act of a Central American assassination squad." His memoirs, and the violence of March, speak to the legacy of British policy over the past decade: Execution without trial is acceptable, the security forces are above the law, and British justice is unable to deal impartially with Irish nationalism.

JACKSON'S MOVEMENT
Andrew Kopkind

THE ODDEST COUPLE
Jefferson Morley

SANDINISTA DEBATE
Lucia Annunziata

A GUIDE TO WEDTECH
Fred J. Cook

AMERICA'S HOMELESS
Kai Erikson
Robert Fitch
Theresa Funiciello
Jacqueline Leavitt

STOP CODDLING THE RICH

THE POPULIST TAX ACT OF 1989

ROBERT S. McINTYRE

The dramatic redistribution of income in America over the past decade is what's at the heart of the national economic crisis. Since 1977 there has been a significant shift in income away from the poor and the middle class to the rich and the super-rich. The growing gap between haves and have-nots is stark in some places, such as the Midwest and New York City. It is easier to overlook in other regions, such as the West Coast and the Washington metropolitan area. But visible or not, this transfer of income to the rich—spurred by Federal tax policies under Presidents Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan—is a danger to the national economy and to basic American principles of fairness and opportunity. No issue is more crucial in the 1988 presidential campaign.

The Congressional Budget Office laid out the enormous scope of the past decade's redistribution in income and taxes in a report issued last October. In 1977 the wealthiest 1 percent of the population took in 9.2 percent of all pretax income. In 1988 this elite group will receive 12.5 percent of total income. In 1977 the average member of the richest 1 percent of the American population had an annual income of $301,000 (expressed in 1988 dollars). Eleven years later, that golden group averaged $452,000 a year.

It's not just that the rich have got much richer. For most Americans real earnings have stagnated or fallen during the past decade—with Federal tax policy playing an important role. The C.B.O. report examined the entire range of Federal taxes: income, payroll, estate and excise (with corporate income taxes attributed to the

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LETTERS.

THE GOLDEN BOW-WOW

Washington

Andrew Kopkind, in your issue of January 30, refers to the "obligatory golden retriever" in attendance at a political rally for Representative Jack Kemp [editorial, "Kemp's People"]. What in the world could have inspired this nonsensical remark?

How "obligatory" can the Golden Retriever (being a proper name, capitals, please) be when it ranks no higher than fifth in the top fifty American Kennel Club registrations of breed? It ranks behind, I might add, the Cocker Spaniel, Poodle, Labrador Retriever and German Shepherd. We may assume that the rankings of non-A.K.C. representatives of these breeds are approximately the same.

I hold no brief for one breed over another, but the singling out of this particular type of dog for snide reference is surely out of place in a political commentary. Unless, of course, your correspondent can provide reference to a systematic correlation between breed of dog and political preference of master or mistress. I doubt such exists, and if it is proferred, I would be skeptical of its validity.

A further point. Kopkind concludes his article with a cryptic statement: "Those in the Plastic Generation do not want to enter the *golden* age with people they wouldn't invite to their cookie table" (my italics). Your correspondent has simply gone off the deep end about this fine breed of dog. Please call him to order.

Loyal Chien

The Nation *follows the conventions of* Webster's New World Dictionary, *which does not capitalize breed names unless a proper noun is included.*

PUPPIES AND YUPPIES

Parkton, Md.

The golden retriever, one of the few unarguably delightful creations of the past century, should not be stigmatized by the unarguably disgusting politics of some of his companions. The "obligatory golden retriever" asks only that his friends take him along and cares not a whit for their sterling samovars or voodoo economics.

Nor are all goldens accouterments of yuppies. My first acquired me when, as a poverty-stricken father of two earning $4,000 a year, I allowed my health insurance to lapse in order to finance the purchase of it as a puppy. Amber cared nothing for my politics, either, and died under the wheels of a car when she tried to follow my wife to the local jail, where I was incarcerated after one of many arrests for sit-ins protesting racial segregation.

Were their companions to pattern their politics after their retrievers, we would have a valid gold standard: gentleness, sharing and trust. Sounds vaguely socialist to me.

John Roemer

KOPKIND REPLIES

New York City

Although one or both of these complaints may be the product of a large tongue wagging in a moist cheek, readers should know that correspondent Chien has been dogging my steps for many years on matters carnivorous. Years ago in another country, we were at each other tooth and claw over the hibernation (or estivation) habits of bears (citations supplied on request, with self-addressed, stamped envelope). Now he is defending the anachronistic and, I think, dangerous prejudice of "breedism." However fiercely he may growl about varietal equality, it's clear that he adheres to a hierarchical view of canine dignity. Taxonomy is not destiny, dear Chien. Put this man on a short leash.

Reader Roemer (perhaps a misprint for "Roever"?) gets my condolences but not my agreement with his argument that there is no logical link between dog and dog owner. Surely pets are text. A golden retriever in a yuppie living room signifies a certain identifiable consciousness, and we are obliged to read the scene according to the known rules of social practice. A poodle at a Palm Beach fund-raiser for George Bush would mean one thing; the same animal at a Jesse Jackson rally in Waterloo, Iowa, would mean quite another. Throw this man a Milk Bone. On second thought, make it a croissant.

Andrew Kopkind

DIVERSITY IN ECOFEMINISM

Berkeley, Calif.

The Nation's readers must feel confused by now about the composition of the ecofeminist movement. In an article about the conference, Ecofeminist Perspectives: Culture, Nature and Theory, which was held at the University of Southern California last March, Kirkpatrick Sale attempted to represent the diversity within the movement ["Ecofeminism—A New Perspective," Sept. 26, 1987]. In a long letter to the editor in the December 12 issue, Ynestra King downplayed rather intensely that diversity, declaring that "most of us come from the left," that "we share the social anarchist critique," that among our goals is the "liberation of nature," that the heart of ecofeminism is the "commitment to ecological humanism" and that "the philosophy of social anarchism" is the true hallmark of ecofeminism. While I have no doubt that King's description is an accurate reflection of the ecofeminism in her circles in New York and New England, it would be unrecognizable to ecofeminists in many other parts of the country, where the movement took root in quite different ways.

On the West Coast, for example, Susan Adler and her collective of spiritually oriented feminists began planning the big 1981 ecofeminist conference at Sonoma State University prior to learning that a similar one had been recently held in Amherst, Massachusetts. Later, the issue on nature of the feminist magazine *Heresies*, with its attention to socialist feminism, was received out here not as the manifesto of the movement but as another welcome addition to the growing body of ecofeminist literature. The central insight of the complex linkage of the oppression of women and the oppression of nature is the common ground among ecofeminists, as are scores of concerns, many of which King mentioned: ecological wisdom, peace, justice, a new economics, ways in which humans might regain deep feelings of connectedness with the rest of the earth community, issues in reproductive technology and genetic engineering, organic agriculture, appropriate technology, an end to nuclear power and weapons, an end to the plunder by the multinationals and the plight of the Third World, an end to the onslaught of nation-states against indigenous (Fourth World) peoples, and much more. What is extremely inaccurate, however, is King's assertion that "most" ecofeminists who have worked hard for years to analyze and take action on the above issues are adherents of the doctrines of humanism (even "ecological humanism") and "social anarchism," or what is often called "social ecology." There is much common ground among ecofeminists of various political and philosophical orientations, but around the country we are more diverse than King indicates.

It was surprising to read King's fierce condemnation of Kirkpatrick Sale, especially for his writing that earth-based spirituality is an important component of the movement. It *is*, in fact, for many ecofeminists, and many of those women honor one or more of the meanings of the goddess symbol, the complexity of which has been addressed in the writings of Margot Adler, Starhawk, Carol Christ and others. At no time during the conference (which unfortunately did not reflect the range of spiritual orientations within the ecofeminist movement) was feminist spirituality presented as obligatory, nor did Sale's article say so. King's obvious alarm that reports of spirituality at the ecofeminist conference might tar the movement as "a sentimentalizing religion of earth mothers rather than an urgent, angry critical feminist movement" reflects a dualism that is puzzling since she heard both radical feminist analysis *and* spiritual content combined in the presentations of several of the conference speakers. Also surprising is King's suggestion that those spiritual feminists who are "left-identified social anarchists" are acceptable, while those who have any other kind of radical political orientation are not.

I agree with King that Sale drew the

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EDITORIALS.

Duarte's Debacle

As José Napoleón Duarte learned to his cost on March 20, you can kiss the Stars and Stripes once too often. In the previous week's breathless rush of indictments (Iran/*contra*), paratroop landings (Honduras) and resignation rumors (Panama), it was actually events in El Salvador, long neglected by Congress and the media, that may have the most significant impact on Central America's future.

Duarte's stunning defeat in the legislative and municipal elections was a long-overdue and richly deserved comeuppance for a man who thought that becoming president was more important than maintaining political integrity. For most of the past decade he has been a pathetic hostage of the armed forces, failing to grasp that he might have secured his political future had he found the courage to attempt the reforms on which his populist reputation was based.

Victory went instead to El Salvador's unreconstructed, if partially camouflaged, extreme right. Roberto d'Aubuisson's Nationalist Republican Alliance (Arena) was born in 1981 as a creature of Washington, drawing heavily on the model of the U.S. Republican Party. In the seven years since, it has nurtured its own perverse form of anti-Yankee sentiment. Arena's leaders, who won an overall majority in the National Assembly and a near-sweep of local government offices, despise Duarte and distrust his American patrons, with their wall charts and their small-unit tactics and their feasibility studies on nation building. Arena talks of kicking

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out the U.S. military advisers and resolving the conflict in its own brutal fashion. Right-wing field commanders invoke the Hiroshima principle: If you have a war on your hands, get it over with quickly.

Inside El Salvador, the change may not be apparent right away; any reforms were dead anyway, the war stalemated, the judicial system a joke, death squad killings on the rise again. But the demise of Duarte and his Christian Democrats will be felt quickly in Washington. El Salvador has been the one area of the Administration's Central America policy where the phrase "bipartisan consensus" was anything more than a fiction, and $3 billion has flowed to keep the war going with scarcely a murmur of dissent. Democrats, having lost the fig leaf of Duarte, will find themselves in a fix of their own making: They must fund a war that no longer makes any pretense of social reform, or watch El Salvador's resilient rebel movement gain further ground. The Administration's game plan is back to square one—or worse, given the amount of political capital that has been expended and the number of options that have been exhausted. El Salvador is a wound that will now reopen because the surgery was botched in the first place.

To pursue the medical metaphor, the Nicaraguan *contras* went into last week's talks in Sapoá with the appearance of a terminally sick patient. They had won no hearts, precious few minds and not an inch of territory. Unlike the Salvadoran guerrillas, who are increasingly self-sufficient in homemade weapons, they appeared unable to survive a cutoff of external support. New injections of military hardware had acted as a temporary stimulus, like the shots of adrenalin pumped into a cardiac arrest victim.

By the time the Sandinista Army launched its March offensive against *contra* bases in the north, the patient was so close to death that it had to be strapped to a new life-support system, in the form of more than 3,000 U.S. troops. Once they were in Honduras, it was hard to see what the 82d Airborne was supposed to do, beyond getting a suntan and heading tamely back to Fort Bragg. It's equally hard to escape the sense that their arrival was less a meaningful piece of strategy than a last despairing throw of the dice.

Despite all the sound and fury, events inside Nicaragua continue to elude the Administration's control. In the hamlet of Sapoá—appropriately the scene of a last-ditch battle by Somoza's National Guard back in 1979—high-level Sandinista and *contra* delegations held their first face-to-face meeting on Nicaraguan soil and emerged with a remarkable cease-fire agreement. The accord followed unprecedented Sandinista concessions and the recognition by the *contras*—even their most recalcitrant leaders, like Adolfo Calero—that they were unlikely to secure better terms in their weakened state. At the same time, a political dialogue resumed between the Sandinistas and fourteen democratic opposition groups.

The relationship between the regional peace process and democratization inside Nicaragua is the subject of an important article by Lucia Annunziata on page 454 of this issue. There is every indication that Nicaragua's plans remain sturdily on track. The strategy of the Reagan Administration, meanwhile, appears to be hopelessly derailed.

COMING UP

Brad Kessler on Organizing the Homeless

Jesse's Movement

"What does Jesse Jackson want?" the Reverend asked a cheering crowd of fans and friends in Detroit. "I want Michigan. I want the nomination. I want to be President!" That's about the only answer Jackson will give the perplexed press, at least until further notice. Nor should he say more. No one asks, What does Mike Dukakis want? or, What did Bruce Babbitt want? Their political demands are assumed to be included in the common vocabulary. But Jackson is perceived as *other*, and therefore obscure. His motives are always in doubt. While regular candidates are audacious, creative and imaginative, he is impudent, untrustworthy and destructive before he even opens his mouth. Indeed, Jackson could read from the Ann Arbor telephone book and the Sunday morning lint-pickers on TV would find danger in every line.

But if you turn the question on its head, so to speak, some still unexamined aspects of Jackson's extraordinary campaign may come clear. What do the 3 million-plus voters (a plurality of the Democratic primary electorate so far) who have made Jackson the front-runner in all but the establishment's eyes want when they cast their ballots for this "unelectable" chimera of a candidate? What is the best they may hope to get?

Begin with the organization of the Jackson campaign. It has much in common with other Democratic efforts as a coalition of disparate constituencies, but it focuses on the coalition rather more seriously than the rest have done. When Jackson comes into a primary state he stands (or demonstrates) with the leaders and activists of labor, minorities, farmers, lesbians and gays, the handicapped, feminists and peace workers and presents their programs as his platform. He made it a point to march in Washington last April with the anti-intervention movement and in October with the gay movement because they represented two institutionalized bases of support. The institutions were important, as well as the individuals in them.

Most Democrats nowadays deny that separate interests even exist within the party's purview. But they are there, and Jackson has built his campaign unapologetically around them. What they have in common is exclusion from power; they are the lower classes in the new language of the modern American political economy. And in that sense, Jackson is running that unspeakable anomaly, that horror of all horrors, a "class campaign."

Picking up on the recognition of exclusion, New York Governor Mario Cuomo and others have been talking for

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some time about a "politics of inclusion." But what they mean by "inclusion" is not exactly what Jackson means by "empowerment." Cuomo et al. are suggesting that they would include all Americans in the distribution system of rights and benefits, which the President himself will devise according to his best reading of the available resources and in deference to the demands of the elites already in power. The Jackson message is embodied in what he told a women's conference in Iowa: "If you are empowered, you can get your own goodies." The institutions upon which he is basing his campaign are supposed to be strengthened by his success, not to fold into the Democratic Party or dissipate in a Democratic administration.

Just think what would have happened to politics if the labor movement of the 1930s and 1940s had survived as an independent political force, able to contribute to Democratic victories but not just appended to the party. And fantasize further that independent labor had coalesced in the 1960s with an independent civil rights movement and a permanent antiwar constituency. And that a sizable sector of the feminist movement joined them in the 1970s. That heffalump right now would be on the ballot in fifty states.

The organization of the campaign must inform its demands when the campaign is over. Barring some unforeseen scandal or enormous political blunder, Jackson will be close to first in popular votes and second in delegates when the primary season ends in June. If he does better than that, the party elders will be in deep doo-doo. Pundit in chief William Schneider of the American Enterprise Institute said last week, "If he's the leader, you can't deny him the nomination. If you do, you've got a race war on your hands."

As the likely runner-up, Jackson will have amassed significant clout, but it does not belong solely to him. The institutions of his coalition will, and should, demand a participatory role in the party and in any Democratic administration that's elected in November. A place for Jackson on the ticket would be fine, but the coalition's quest for power will not be satisfied by token representation. Nor would the inclusion in seats of power of a couple of blacks, a woman or two, or acceptable agents of the excluded communities be enough. Authenticity, not acceptability, is the test. Many Democrats hope they can please Jackson and mollify his supporters by sticking Representatives William Gray and Pat Schroeder in the Cabinet. Uh-uh. Things have gone further than that already, and the year has only begun.

Jackson may want Michigan, the nomination, etc., but the interests he represents want something more permanent. Blacks already have penetrated deeper into the American political system as part of the Jackson campaign than they ever have before. Other groups are increasingly drawn to the movement. Last week's polls in Wisconsin show Jackson getting 24 percent of the white Democratic vote there.

The campaign so far has rearranged politics beyond prediction, and it could go further to transform the system. It is possible that a new kind of coalition party and coalition government could emerge with the Rainbow groups, constituting a permanent progressive/populist "tendency" within a popular partnership of Democrats. The benefit this would bring is the possibility of a truly new majority to get the party out of its national electoral slump. The implied threat is that if a strong tendency doesn't get what it wants and deserves, it withdraws and wrecks the coalition. If that all sounds a bit Europarliamentary, it may be the way American politics is evolving. Third parties have tried and failed too many times. Multiparty coalitions could be one of those elusive new ideas the Democrats have been chasing all along.

ANDREW KOPKIND

The Oddest Couple

Over there was William Colby, former Director of Central Intelligence, munching a salad with researchers who spend all their days trying to uncover the agency's secrets. Over here was Leslie Cockburn, the former CBS News producer who wrote a book on the *contra* drug connection, chatting up Col. Nestor Pino-Marina, who testified in court on behalf of a *contra* supporter deeply implicated in a plot to import 350 pounds of cocaine into the United States. It's no surprise that odd couples abounded at a symposium held at Tufts University February 26-27. The subject was perhaps the oddest couple of all: Covert Action and Democracy.

Sissela Bok, author of several well-reviewed volumes on ethical dilemmas, opened the proceedings with a classic liberal exposition about the dangers of deceit in government. "Respect for truth and the law are not particularly idealistic or unworthy," she told the overflow audience in the auditorium of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. She asserted that "it is not possible to keep a secret in a democracy. You have to realize it's going to be found out sooner or later." She spoke clearly and gracefully. She invoked basic civic and humane values. She was applauded.

Daniel Ellsberg spoke next and punted Bok's pleasantries out of the auditorium. He noted that the Central Intelligence Agency's covert activities in the Gulf of Tonkin in the summer of 1964 are still largely secret. Those activities (as even Ellsberg's fellow panelist William Colby conceded) provoked North Vietnam into attacking a U.S. warship. President Lyndon Johnson used the "unprovoked" incident as a pretext for escalating the Vietnam War. To this day, Ellsberg observed, virtually the entire American public is still deceived about the covert action that helped plunge the country into a catastrophic war. "You see, not all secrets are exposed, even twenty-three years later," he said.

One of Ellsberg's jobs in 1965 was compiling lists of Vietcong atrocities that could be publicly cited as justification for the Johnson Administration's carpet bombing of North Vietnam. Ellsberg then acknowledged the more difficult moral question: Did the terrorism of Vietnamese Communists justify the much more vast violence of U.S. bombing? Ellsberg answered by citing Nietzsche: "When you look into an abyss, the abyss also looks into you."

Down the speaker's table, Thomas Polgar was ruffled. Polgar is a former C.I.A. station chief in South Vietnam, Mex-

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ico, West Germany and Argentina, who generously came out of retirement to work on the staff of the Iran/*contra* Congressional committees. He reminded the audience of an unpleasant truth: Congress doesn't object to being deceived by covert action.

"Covert action, as a policy, exists; it is legal and it is based on funds appropriated by Congress," Polgar noted, adding accurately, "I see no inclination in Congress to depart from covert action. We simply want more control, to keep covert action in the boundaries of good taste and law." As for Ellsberg's talk of morality, Polgar said that the "morality of covert action depends on its purpose."

When an astonished undergraduate asked Polgar if he really believed that, Polgar recanted, which I cynically figured was just his cover story. But Colby stepped in to confirm just how capacious the boundaries of "good taste and law" are for former top C.I.A. officials. For successful covert actions, Colby stressed the need for "good local leaders like General Vang Pao" of Laos. Vang Pao, it should be recalled, was the General Noriega of Southeast Asia in the 1960s: a prominent U.S. ally who befriended top C.I.A. officials, trained pro-U.S. insurgents and, by most accounts, amassed a fortune in drug dealing.

I snuck out to interview Colonel Pino-Marina outside the auditorium. The colonel is a Bay of Pigs veteran who now serves as a staff member of the Inter-American Defense Board. He stressed that he was not speaking in any official capacity. He blurted out his defense of Maj. Bueso Rosa, the Honduran military officer sentenced to five years in jail for his role in a complex cocaine smuggling and murder plot. "I know this man. He had nothing to do with drugs." The idea that Bueso Rosa had been prosecuted rankled him.

"What is the only crime mentioned in the Constitution?" the colonel suddenly demanded. "Do you know?" He answered himself: "Treason." And who was guilty of treason, I asked. "Supporters of the Boland amendment," he said. "They have given aid and comfort to the enemy." Another reporter and I suggested that maybe opposing *contra* aid wasn't traitorous. The colonel was adamant: "When it passed, they celebrated in Moscow, Havana and Managua. That is 'aid and comfort.'" The colonel reminded us that the punishment for treason is death.

Back inside the auditorium it was announced that Nestor Sanchez, a thirty-five-year C.I.A. veteran and former Assistant Secretary of Defense, would not be able to appear as planned. Sanchez had sent word that he had to go to Panama on business. The morning paper had reported an effort in Panama to oust Gen. Manuel Noriega, who is under indictment in the United States for drug smuggling. Sanchez, it turns out, was well known in the Pentagon for his support of General Noriega.

On Saturday morning the conference resumed with a session on the Iran/*contra* affair. Panelist Stephen Engelberg of *The New York Times* recounted all that is not known about the scandal. He raised the possibility that "Oliver North was raising money for the *contras* as a cover for a less socially acceptable purpose." Engelberg noted that a reprisal raid for the bombing of the marine barracks in Beirut had been called off. "Maybe Marine Col. Robert McFarlane and Marine Lieut. Col. North were out for vengeance independently."

The most intriguing presentation of the conference followed. Steven Emerson, a senior editor at *U.S. News & World Report*, explained why the C.I.A. is no longer even half of the covert action problem. Emerson's upcoming book, *Secret Warriors: Inside the Covert Military Operations of the Reagan Era*, documents the massive shift of covert operations from the agency to the Pentagon.

As Emerson explained it, the shift began after the failure of the hostage rescue mission in Iran in April 1980. The planning of a second rescue attempt was assigned to Air Force Maj. Gen. Richard Secord. The mission never came off, but Secord's plans for improving military tactical intelligence and counterterrorism capabilities became the blueprint for the Pentagon special operations of the 1980s.

"These operations continued to grow after 1981—and grow and grow," Emerson said. "A vehicle for military covert actions is a network of commercial front companies all around the world. They can be used to insert agents as intelligence gatherers or as commandos." According to Emerson, "The Pentagon leadership was not even informed of everything that was going on." Congress knew very little.

Emerson cited one of the few Pentagon special operations whose existence has been made public, a project known as Yellow Fruit, which collapsed amid financial irregularities in 1983. According to Seymour Hersh of *The New York Times*, the operation ferried undercover Army operatives to Honduras, where they trained Honduran troops for bloody hit-and-run operations into Nicaragua. Through a private front company, Yellow Fruit also supplied rapid-fire cannons to the C.I.A. operatives who mined Nicaragua's harbors and raided oil depots in 1984. All of these activities were carried out in violation of Congressional legislation barring the Defense Department and the agency from taking any action aimed at overthrowing the Sandinistas.

Afterward, I cornered John Saxon, staff director of the Senate select committee investigating the Iran/*contra* scandal. Saxon had said that the Army, after a series of financial scandals involving its top-secret covert units, had instituted "a very tight, a very good system for maintaining secrecy and accountability." I asked how that system works.

"The Army created an office that does nothing but oversee special operations," he said. What office is that? "The name is classified," he said apologetically. Saxon added that the special operations oversight offices of the Navy, Marine Corps and Air Force are less vigilant than the Army's office.

I found that less than reassuring. So I asked Bernard McMahon, former staff director of the Senate Intelligence Committee and special assistant to Director of Central Intelligence Stansfield Turner from 1977 to 1979, how the public could know that an unknown office somewhere in the Pentagon was doing a good job of monitoring unknown operations around the world. He assured me that the oversight process worked, although he acknowledged that a loophole exists in the current oversight legislation.

He said that the existing law does not give Congress

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authority over "sensitive intelligence collection" by Pentagon operatives. "The next covert action scandal will come in the collection of information against terrorists. There's a lot of political pressure to get the information, and when there's pressure people react quickly and do stupid things."

I had to leave the conference early, but I managed to catch the thoughtful presentation of Bill Bode, a shaggy-haired State Department official, on Why Government Officials Lie. Bode acknowledged that his was an unpopular proposition. He said he had protested the Vietnam War when he was a student and had later changed his mind. He urged the students to keep an open mind. "Someday you, too, may be in government, and you may have to lie."

Bode explained that as a student at the University of California, Berkeley, in the 1960s he had attended antiwar conferences, including one where Governor Ronald Reagan spoke. With tears welling in his eyes, Bode confessed that he and other members of the Communist Workers Party had snuck up to the speaker's platform before the event and slipped seventy-five hits of LSD into Reagan's glass of water.

Actually, Bode didn't say that. I just want to work in government someday. JEFFERSON MORLEY

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CALVIN TRILLIN

Jack Kemp's promise in his withdrawal speech to try again someday did not strike me as a silver lining. I don't mean that I'd necessarily dread the return of Jack Kemp. I usually find a lot to like about any candidate about the time he withdraws. I can even see at least one advantage in having a quarterback as President, even a quarterback with a defensive tackle's notion of economics: I think the Russians would be constantly off-balance during the term of any American President who is talked about as having the capacity to "throw the bomb."

What disturbed me about Kemp's promise to return was that it reflected the increasingly widespread belief that in order to become President you have to run for the office more than once. The two major Republican candidates left in the race after Kemp's withdrawal, George Bush and Robert Dole, have both run for the nomination before—and, for all I know, Pat Robertson has himself run a couple of times in never-never land.

It seems to me that when it comes to presidential politics the American people have finally arrived at one, and only one, belief sufficiently widespread to be considered a consensus: The sort of person willing to subject himself to the indignities and absurdities of running for the presidential nomination is not the sort of person we'd want in the job. Now that we all know that, we're told that the person most likely to have the job is the sort of person willing to put up with the indignities and absurdities of running for the presidential nomination at least twice.

The day Kemp withdrew, I saw Robert Dole on the television news bouncing a balloon back and forth with a grade-school child in Illinois. The balloon bouncing was what the campaign people think of as a photo opportunity. The child participating was too young to vote in the Illinois primary, although I suppose there are still precincts in the state where you might have a fair chance of registering him if you know the right people.

Dole had a tight little smile on his face. He didn't look happy. He had already jettisoned half of his campaign staff by then, and Republican leaders were urging him to withdraw before he finished providing the Democrats with all of the nasty, mean-spirited and disturbingly persuasive lines they could possibly use in running against George Bush in the fall.

I figured that while he was bouncing the balloon he was thinking, "Why am I doing this? Why am I bouncing a balloon for the evening news? I'm a grown-up." And I was thinking, "You're right, Senator. You're a person of some substance. This is not for you. Pack it in." Then, I realized that Robert Dole's campaign must be about over, because I was beginning to feel some sympathy for him. If I had seen that tight little smile at a balloon bouncing a few weeks earlier, I would have figured that Dole was thinking, "When I find the scheduler who booked me in for this nonsense I'm going to cut him up in tiny pieces and feed him to the hogs at the next barnyard photo op."

Part of my magnanimity at the moment of exit, I'll admit, may come from pure relief. When any candidate withdraws, one tiny voice I hear just above my left ear says, "Well, at least we don't have to worry about this bozo trying to run the country." I never repeat that, of course. When someone is walking off the field, I can always scratch around and find a few kind words on a back shelf somewhere—although I'll admit that Hart's second withdrawal found the cupboard almost bare.

Some of my warm feelings might also be traced to the hope, usually misplaced, that the withdrawing candidate has finally caught on to a simple truth: Anybody who actually believes that it's so important for him to be President that he should leave his family and his job for a couple of years of living in motels and trying to remember the first names of county chairmen he finds marginally loathsome ought to drop by his local noggin shop for a complete ego checkup.

I had that hope for Walter Mondale in 1976, when he pulled out of the race against Jimmy Carter, saying that he didn't have the stomach for it. (Anybody who has ever eaten in any of those motels could sympathize with that.) But back he came. I know what would be said in his defense: He genuinely thought he was the most qualified candidate, and sometimes it's simply necessary to run twice to make that clear to the voters. After all, Ronald Reagan, the most popular President in recent history, ran twice. My point precisely.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

There was a time in my life when I attended any event that featured Henry Kissinger as a speaker. The man—whose greatest single achievement is to have got everybody to call him Doctor—was a puzzle to me. Everything he touched turned to nightmare, yet people seemed to want to touch *him*. I lounged at the back of numerous black-tie dinners and corporate galas, listening to the elderly rubbish that he talked and looking for a sign. In the end I discovered the theme, or gimmick, of these gruesome soirees. There always came a point when Kissinger would hint, heavily and darkly, that he knew more than he could say. This hint usually took the form of a reference to some raw exercise of power and violence. So that was it: Kissinger liked the sensation of provoking nervous laughter, and certain audiences enjoyed the *frisson* of complicity that came with it.

I was thus able to start boycotting such events with a clear conscience, reasonably confident that I had seen through the card trick. But I sometimes wondered, If he's like that in public, what can he be like behind closed doors? A recently leaked memorandum contains a clue. Headed "Confidential" and written on the letterhead of the law firm Kaye, Scholer, Fierman, Hays and Handler, it is signed by Julius Berman. Berman is a former chair of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, perhaps the most pompously titled organization in the United States. He recounts the detail of a "private, off-the-record breakfast meeting" held on January 31, at which Kissinger and Jewish leaders discussed the crisis in the territories occupied by Israel. The fourth paragraph conveys what might be called the flavor of the breakfast. Kissinger told his hosts:

> Israel should bar the media from entry into the territories involved in the present demonstrations, accept the short-term criticism of the press for such conduct, and put down the insurrection as quickly as possible—overwhelmingly, brutally and rapidly.

"Overwhelmingly, brutally and rapidly." With what relish Kissinger must have employed those terms. And with what a sick, vicarious thrill his civilian listeners must have admired the purity of his *Realpolitik*, the ruthlessness of his logic.

There was some minor embarrassment at this disclosure, all of it tending to confirm that these had been the precise words employed. Kissinger protested angrily at the leak, saying: "It's enough to drive you to drink. It's sort of disgusting to me." And five former leaders of the Sanhedrin wrote to *The New York Times* with a hilarious clarification, replete with Reagan-era euphemisms. They spoke of "Israel's alleged excesses" and asserted that Kissinger had not exactly called for a ban on the press:

> He suggested that while that might have been desirable at the outset, it would be inadvisable now. We have no recollection that he advocated the use of brutality in putting down the riots; indeed, he was critical of excessive force, while strongly advocating that the uprisings should be put down as promptly as possible.

Yeah, yeah. And shouldn't that be "alleged excessive force"? A perfect nondenial denial for our day, right down to "we have no recollection." I think we can take it that the words recorded by the loyalist Julius Berman were not invented but were the ones actually uttered.

So I suddenly thought, What about *Nightline*? Will ABC continue to use, as its "contributing analyst," a man who urges a ban on news coverage? I decided to ask what Kissinger's contract with the network said, what it was worth to him, and whether his stand on press freedom had aroused any qualms at the network.

I got nowhere on Kissinger's emolument, which is odd when you consider how ABC boasts about its salaries and expenditures. Ted Koppel, who did me the courtesy of returning my telephone call, correctly said that the Israelis were no worse than any other state in seeking to limit coverage that they saw as inimical to their "self-interest." Yet when I asked how he felt about Kissinger's recommendations, Koppel took refuge in "the context," claiming there was a dispute about what had occurred at the meeting. In point of fact, even Kissinger's apologists differ only about the timing he thought most appropriate for blacking out the Palestinian uprising. On this being pointed out, Koppel politely declined to comment any further.

Should I have been surprised? Perhaps not. Koppel has described his friendship with Kissinger, when the latter was Secretary of State, as something beautiful and formative: "It was somewhat akin to playing tennis with Boris Becker every day for a year and then going back to the club and playing everyone else." In 1975, Kissinger offered Koppel the post of State Department spokesman. Last June he said he would repeat the offer if the occasion ever arose, only this time, he said, "If I were to give him a job, it would be a substantive one—say, Assistant Secretary for Europe."

Does Koppel requite this friendship on the air? I would say yes. In a particularly glutinous moment on January 22 of last year, Koppel was introducing his favorite guest for an impartial discussion of hostage-taking and spoke thus:

> Many of the world's leaders today studied foreign policy under Professor Henry Kissinger at Harvard. He knows the territory. He also knows that it is a mine field. Dr. Kissinger has stepped on a few of those mines himself, among them Vietnam and Chile.

Terrific. (I can't help noting that Kissinger's luminous opening comment on this occasion was, "You have to remember that at any one point, there are tens of thousands of Americans around.") In a world where Vietnam and Chile are things that happen to Henry Kissinger, we have gone straight through the looking glass to a place where murder is done casually and the doing of it is regarded as a credential. I should hasten to say that I do not deny Kissinger his right to exist. What I do deny is his right to negate the existence of others, and to have that presented as objectivity.

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April 15

EDWARD SOREL

YES, IT'S TRUE, BELOVED GODFATHER... I HAVEN'T PAID UP MY PROTECTION MONEY... BUT YOU NEVER GAVE ME THE PROTECTION YOU PROMISED ME LAST YEAR!
YOU PROMISED YOU'D GET RID OF DRUG PUSHERS, BUT IN TRUTH YOU DO BUSINESS WITH THEM!
YOU PROMISED MY KIDS A FREE EDUCATION BUT I HAVE TO SEND THEM TO PRIVATE SCHOOLS TO MAKE SURE THEY LEARN SOMETHING.
YOUR POSTAL SERVICE COSTS TOO MUCH... YOUR TRAIN SERVICE IS LOUSY... YOUR HEALTH SERVICE IS NONEXISTENT... WHAT AM I GETTING FOR MY MONEY?
YER GETTING THE SATISFACTION OF KILLING COMMIES IN NICARAGUA!
IS TH-THAT ALL?
IS THAT ALL?!!
IS THAT ALL?!!!
THAT DOES IT!!
TAKE THIS CREEP OVER TO THE BOYS AT THE I.R.S. AND HAVE THEM WORK HIM OVER!
Edward Sorel
DAMNED INGRATES

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ARTICLES.

PARTY/STATE DIALECTIC

Democracy and The Sandinistas

LUCIA ANNUNZIATA

A few weeks ago, Comandante Jaime Wheelock, Nicaragua's Minister of Agriculture, had a dream. "I was at the White House to meet President Reagan, and I was feeling very awkward," he recalled in an interview. "Reagan came and greeted me warmly. He even hugged me. I withdrew slightly from the hug, thinking how odd this picture of us would look in Nicaragua. The President was very nice. He invited me to follow him, and we went through a long corridor with many doors. He finally opened one and invited me to step in. The moment I crossed the threshold, he slammed the door shut behind me, and I started to fall. I realized that I had been thrown into the White House's garbage dump."

In August 1987 the Sandinistas surprised their enemies (and some friends) by signing the Arias plan for peace in the region, which calls for a traditional "democratization" of Nicaraguan society. In recent months, in order to comply with the plan, they have announced a general amnesty, ended the declared state of emergency, allowed *La Prensa* and independent radio stations to reopen and engaged in direct talks with the *contras*. These changes have provoked a flurry of debate outside Nicaragua: Are the Sandinistas sincere, or do they merely want to convince the U.S. Congress to cut off support for the *contras*? Was the shift a sign of weakness after years of war and economic crisis or a sign of confidence by a group that feels strong enough to challenge its opponents on new terms? And more, are the Sandinistas unified behind these moves, or is the "democratization" precipitating a division between what journalistic gossips like to call a "hard line" and a "soft line"? It is difficult to answer those questions. Yet a number of unusually frank interviews with high-ranking Sandinistas suggest that while the democratization is not an issue in itself, there is nevertheless an intense debate within the Sandinista Party on what it means and how it is to be used.

Under the combined pressures of war, economic difficulties and an international environment marked by a shift in superpower relations, two major approaches seem to have arisen within the Sandinista movement. One has cropped up from the years of work in government, developing what may be called a state-oriented vision; the other has kept a decidedly party-oriented point of view. This is much more subtle than a hard-line/soft-line split. The belief among many Sandinista leaders that party and state must be kept separate is what lies behind the recent *abertura*. And the fact that the party as a whole is open to debating this principle constitutes a major guarantee that the democratization process will continue.

It is easy to find evidence of these differences in Managua today. One recent example was a January rally in the Plaza de la Revolución to mark the anniversary of a massacre by Anastasio Somoza's National Guard. Large rallies are a Managua tradition; they are generally relaxed occasions, animated by families and kids from a broad cross-section of the population. They are *las masas*.

But this particular event showed how different a party meeting is. People arrived in well-organized cells from workplaces and neighborhoods or villages around the country, 50,000 strong, many of them in green fatigues. These were not just *masas* but *masas organizadas*—party militants. Comandante Bayardo Arce, political director of the Sandinista National Liberation Front (F.S.L.N.), told the crowd: "We are entering a new phase in this country. We will open Nicaragua to political democracy; we will give everybody the right to dissent and protest and pursue their political goals, within the limits of the law. But the party will have the same right, and we will exercise it: We will be in the streets, in the plazas, in the workplaces. It is up to the party now to carry on the political struggle for the continuation of the revolution."

The response was enthusiastic; excitement ran high, especially when Arce handed out machine guns after his speech, as a symbol of commitment to the revolution. It was an intense and effective show of party unity, organization and strength. Yet Bayardo Arce stood alone on the stage. None of the other *comandantes* had found time to be there. The following day, Agriculture Minister Wheelock was driving his red jeep back to Managua after a day spent in the north talking to peasants about the harvest. He was worried: After a freak drought, followed by devastating rainstorms, a large portion of the coffee crop had been lost. Wheelock concentrated with some difficulty on my account of Arce's speech. He answered vaguely: "I know, I should have been there. But really, I couldn't—I had to be in the north." Then he added, with a dismissive air, "Anyway, I don't agree with what Bayardo says. There are differences among us, you know. And I feel it strongly sometimes, because it stops me from speaking freely." Comandante Wheelock stopped again, and smiled: "They call me a conservative."

After nine years of experience as Nicaragua's rulers, the Sandinistas seem to have changed as much as the country they rule. Indeed, they appear to acknowledge their differing outlooks as an almost natural result of spending nine years in power in different government posts.

The most visible sign of the varying roles the nine *comandantes* have come to play is the position of Daniel Ortega, who was often seen, even after the 1984 elections, as simply one leader among many. He is now regarded, both inside and outside Nicaragua, as the President. In part this is because the Arias plan has focused attention on the region's five presidents. But at home, Ortega has increasingly inter-

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preted his role as that of a national figure—a mediator rather than just another Sandinista *comandante*—meeting with political opponents and delegations of prisoners' mothers and moving toward a compromise with the Catholic Church.

Ortega has been a strong supporter of the regional peace plan. As one high-ranking Sandinista put it, "He has carried the responsibility for negotiating; he had the backing of the party but he had to decide what, when and how." Bayardo Arce adds, "He received general guidelines from the party, but it was up to him to decide how to interpret them." Ortega appears convinced that a democratic dialectic is at the heart of the peace plan's success. Addressing an audience last October, while in the United States, he stressed that "if there is dissent in a society it is better to deal with it openly and to confront it politically."

Wheelock's view of this is straightforward: "As President, Daniel Ortega has to take into consideration the entire country, including people who are against him; he has to find a solution that works for everybody. The party, on the other hand, represents the radical militancy and the interests of the Sandinistas' social base." Interestingly, party chief Arce does not quibble with the idea of instituting "democratization." In a recent speech to the Sandinista Assembly, the highest party organ beneath the directorate, he said, "We think that there are two types of democracy: a formal one and a basic one. The basic means giving people land, food and education. We feel that we have accomplished this one. So we can now deal with the second one, the political one, the superstructural one."

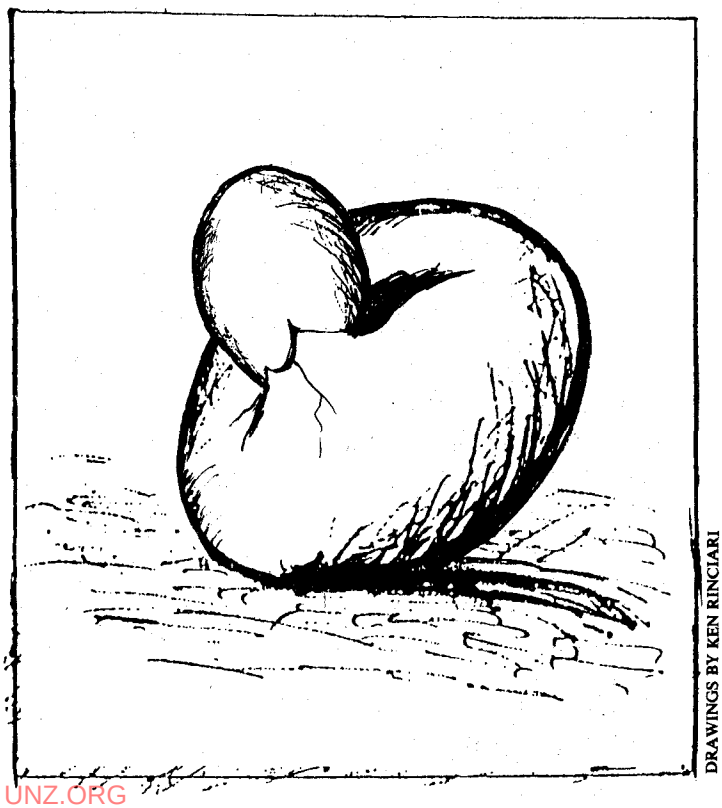
Differences of opinion arise over many issues, however, above all the respective functions of state and party. Arce and Wheelock are in basic agreement concerning the autonomy of party and state. "Every year there is a meeting of the Sandinista Assembly to define new political tasks," Arce says. "But then, of course, the government has to govern, and to do that it has to make its own decisions." Does this imply that the President might make a decision that did not entirely coincide with the party? "Yes," Arce admits. "And it is not only a possibility but a reality. Many people are trying to manipulate this difference; in reality, we are dealing with different roles and responsibilities. The party expresses a general political position but then, of course, Ortega has to do his job. And since he is President, he has to take into account everybody's interests in the country. The same happens with the ministers."

"Different experiences have produced different points of view," Arce continues. "Wheelock, for instance," he says, wearing for a moment the same sardonic smile that Wheelock had when speaking of him, "is not only a minister, but a minister who has to deal with a complex issue like production. We all share, of course, the political goal of the agrarian reform, but Wheelock has to live with peasants and owners in a country where only 19 percent of the farmland is owned by the state. So he has to reach a mediation with the landowners if he wants to keep going." Arce adds another significant example: "Victor Tirado is in charge of the union sector in Nicaragua. And he, too, has a different point of view from mine—on labor conflict. He thinks that it is right for the workers to press for an increase in wages. I think that this is an expression of *economicismo* and that we have to work very hard to fight it inside the working class. Besides, I think that this is not the moment for them to put this pressure on the state."

In other words, government officials think in terms of the nation; the party thinks in terms of party interest. Wheelock, who appears to concentrate less on abstract ideological matters than on hard facts like the coffee harvest, says the party/state distinction has been highlighted by the recent steps to liberalize the economy. "We have had many discussions about the introduction of dollar incentives for producers," he says. "I have very often been criticized for having adopted this measure, which is seen as capitalist. But, really, how can I pay someone's work in cordobas, which are worthless? Yes, to pay in dollars is a way of letting people maintain some privileges, but it is also a way of defending their standard of living. I have received a lot of criticism about the liberalization of the price of basic foods, such as beans and corn. Now they cost more, it is true, but there is no longer a black market."

For years Nicaragua has had a mixed economy. While private property was allowed to survive, producers were obliged to sell to the government so that the state would be able to maintain low prices. This was supposed to be a mechanism for the redistribution of wealth; it turned out to be an incentive to black-market activity and speculation. Producers withheld goods to provoke shortages, then sold them on the black market. The phenomenon was aggravated by a dramatic fall in production as a result of the U.S. embargo, war damage, widespread absenteeism and inefficiency.

Having tried unsuccessfully to combat speculation by ideological campaigns and repressive measures, the Sandinistas decided to liberalize the economy, paying for goods in dol-



DRAWINGS BY KEN RINCIARI

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lars and reducing price controls. "They may be capitalist measures," Wheelock insists, "but they have worked. So when they criticize me, I just answer that production today has improved. The most important difference between us is that the party does not feel duty-bound to endorse government policy, because it thinks that the government is limited politically by virtue of being an expression of the whole society."

Wheelock sees the economic liberalization as part of a broader debate about socialism. Soviet *perestroika*, he says, "is for me an illustration that the ideas of the left are changing. The world is moving toward a more complex era, where a sort of new humanism seems to emerge within capitalist societies, while the socialist societies are themselves reconsidering some of their standards. This includes the recognition that sometimes some contradictions can be resolved positively within a capitalist framework. We, the people and government of Nicaragua, are within this stream of history."

This conception also throws new light on Wheelock's view of the Sandinista party, which he sees as a flexible body capable of reaching out to the entire society. "At the beginning," he says, "the F.S.L.N. was a sort of superorganism, composed mainly of professional militants—a political body which, in certain ways, felt it had to control everything, which thought that the party was all and the government only a section of it. We have fought this conception because it can lead only to a one-party type of government." Within the socialist tradition, this is closer to the Gramscian idea of the party not as a close-knit group of militants but as an engine for mobilizing consensus around social change. "I'll give you an example," Wheelock says. "For the 1984 election our party's first list was made up almost entirely of party officials, which is what I call an expression of sectarianism. So we had a discussion and we opened the list to people who were not members but who could work with us. The party has to develop in the future a large electoral base, larger than the militants. Some of our people understand that, some do not."

The party that Bayardo Arce is leading seems to have a totally different orientation, as the January rally suggests. Arce says the party is now 35,000 strong. Its growth reflects a change in what it means to be a Sandinista. Seven years ago it was enough to display general support for the government. But the definition has since narrowed. During the crisis of 1986, when the Managua government was under international criticism for the closing of *La Prensa*, Bayardo Arce made a major speech about the party at the National Assembly. He said, "It is time now, in this crisis, to see who really is the vanguard, to identify the steel core of the revolution, to make a choice between who leads and who stays behind." This is closer to a Leninist concept, with social change in the hands of a politically active vanguard.

"The Esquipulas agreement is taking the country into a new phase of its history," Arce told me. "We are entering the field of political democracy, which will start a new period of complex political struggle, during which we will be attacked from many sides." The party's role is "to deal with this struggle and to prepare people to sustain it." The party "should be the vanguard and the defense of the revolution," taking to the streets, organizing itself in the workplaces. Arce acknowledges that this could mean the party becoming a shock force, more identifiable, more activist, more "Sandinista" than the government itself.

The separation between party and state has also affected the character of the army. At first the Sandinista Army was an extension of the guerrilla army, largely based on voluntary service. But it now has a more conventional structure. "The army today is certainly not an extension of the party," Arce says. "The introduction of a universal draft has transformed this institution. Everybody has to serve for two years, whether or not they are Sandinista. The army has its own structure, its chain of command, in which even I, as a *comandante*, cannot intervene." Sandinista influence is still extraordinary: The highest ranks are all filled with Sandinistas, and party ideology is strongly inculcated at boot camp. But there is no formal party-army tie—probably one reason, in Managua's complex geography of alliances, that commander in chief Humberto Ortega is viewed as an essential ally of his brother, Daniel.

The new political freedom in Nicaragua and the absence of U.S. military support for the *contras* means that the central political confrontation is now internal. This pressure may force the party, with its activism, and the government, with its mediating role, further apart. Some of this dynamic is already visible in Managua, with Ortega pursuing political dialogue while party activists surround *La Prensa* and break up opposition labor union meetings. Skeptics will no doubt see this as another Sandinista trick, allowing them to play "good cop" and "bad cop" at the same time. But my interviews suggest otherwise. The distancing of party and state could prove traumatic inside the F.S.L.N. On the other hand, it could be a positive innovation for Nicaragua.

One of the weakest points in socialist experiences has always been the lack of a clear distinction between party and state institutions, leading to the oppressive model of a one-party system. A clear separation is the only basis on which a genuinely pluralistic society can develop. If the war ends and the opposition takes advantage of the space that has opened up as a result of the Central American peace plan and the Sandinista's internal debates, the Nicaraguan model of revolution has the capacity to evolve in this new and hopeful direction. □

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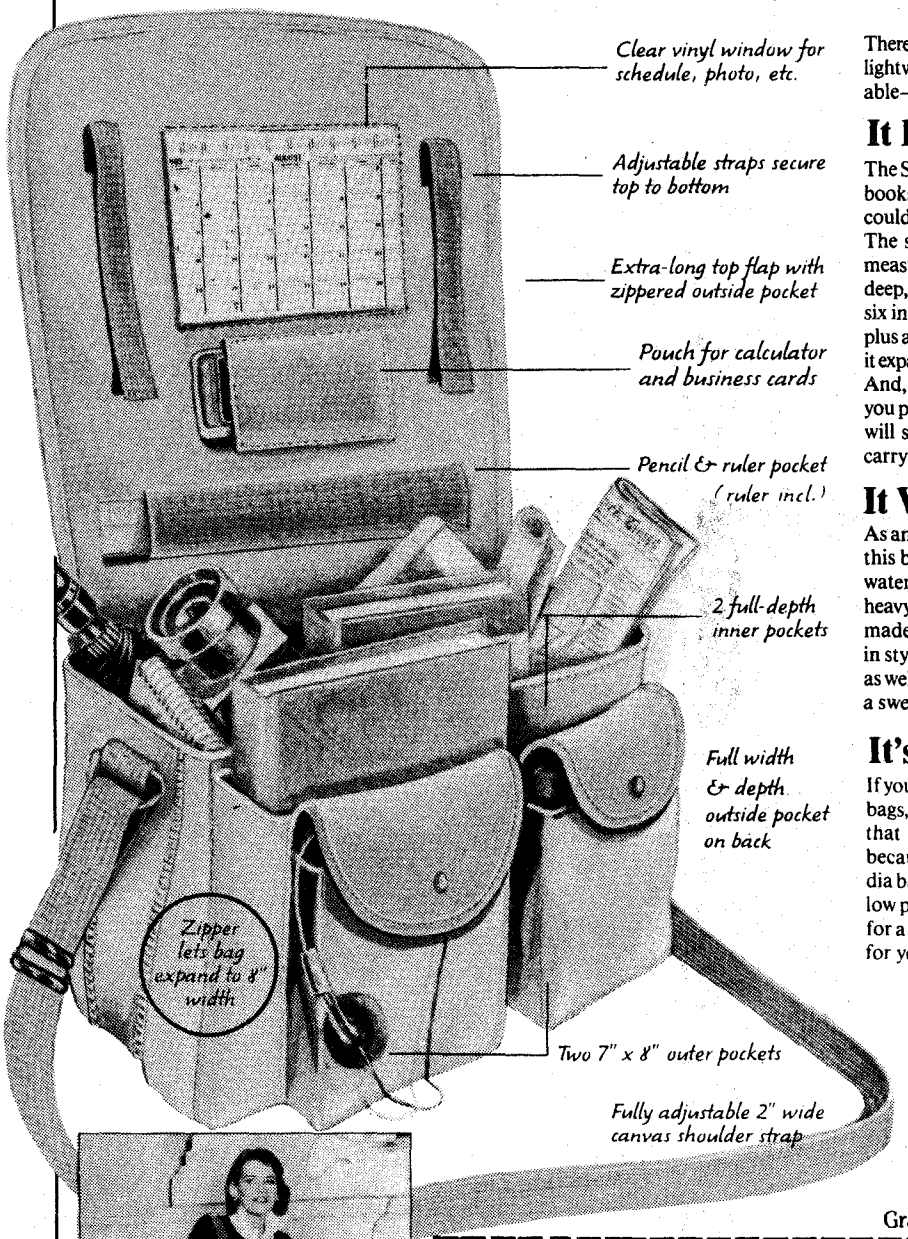
SCANDIA: The Shoulder Bag That Has It All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Adjustable straps secure top to bottom
Extra-long top flap with zippered outside pocket
Pouch for calculator and business cards
Pencil & ruler pocket (ruler incl.)
2 full-depth inner pockets
Full width & depth outside pocket on back
Zipper lets bag expand to 4" width
Two 7" x 8" outer pockets
Fully adjustable 2" wide canvas shoulder strap

There's simply no other shoulder bag that's as roomy, lightweight, versatile, stylish, durable—and affordable—as the Scandia.

It Holds Everything . . .

The Scandia is intelligently designed to hold all the books, paper, equipment, clothes, and sundries you could ever need to carry.

The sturdy canvas Scandia measures 15½" across, 11" deep, and 4" wide, and has six inner and outer pockets, plus an inside zipper that lets it expand to a full 8" in width. And, no matter how much you pack into the Scandia, it will still be trim enough to carry comfortably.

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THE PLAYERS AND THE PLAYS

A Citizen's Guide To Wedtech

FRED J. COOK

The Wedtech corruption and racketeering case, now on trial in Federal court in Manhattan, seems likely to last for three months. At the end of that time the public is likely to be either (a) bored with the whole business or (b) confused about what it all means—if it isn't already. Yet neither boredom nor confusion should blur the meaning of Wedtech for modern American society.

Wedtech, a struggling machine-tool company located in the rubble-strewn South Bronx, spawned a multimillion-dollar gusher of bribes, payoffs and lobbying fees, a river of tainted bucks that flowed from the precinct level to a conference room in the White House. Compared by some to Teapot Dome, it is in many respects worse. That Harding Administration scandal involved oil chicanery at the highest levels; Wedtech, on the other hand, reveals corruption at every level. It is a scandal of entrepreneurs out to loot government contracts, and who, in getting and milking those contracts, revealed that greed is endemic throughout American society.

To understand the labyrinthian convolutions of the Wedtech scandal, it is helpful to examine it step by step. Wedtech was founded in 1965 by John Mariotta, who was born in Manhattan of Puerto Rican parents. It was then called the Welbilt Electronic Die Corporation. For years it was submerged in the poverty of the South Bronx. In 1976, on a campaign visit to this economic wasteland, President Jimmy Carter vowed to do something about it. He didn't. During his 1980 campaign, Ronald Reagan also journeyed to the scene, criticized Carter's failure and promised to bring change.

Mariotta and his partner, Fred Neuberger, a Rumanian citizen, saw their chance. Under Section 8 (a) of the Small Business Administration Act, minority-owned businesses could apply for government contracts without competitive bidding. What an opportunity! But to take advantage of it, two things were needed: the right image and the right influence.

David Schaffer Epstein, a Manhattan-based public relations man, was hired to take care of the image. He began to promote Welbilt as a minority-owned company that was retraining and putting "unemployables" and former drug addicts to work. A few weeks after President Reagan's inauguration, Mariotta boasted to a conference sponsored by the influential, right-wing Heritage Foundation: "The government does not subsidize us, we subsidize the government."

Wedtech did a lot of subsidizing, but it was mainly of influential people. The list would become a long one and involve millions of dollars in payoffs. Tracing just a few of the names shows how the effort led to contracts worth hundreds of millions of dollars.

The central figure in the current Federal trial is Mario Biaggi, a Bronx Representative already convicted in another case of accepting illegal gratuities. Biaggi had pleaded Wedtech's case as far back as 1978, when he contacted both Secretary of Defense Harold Brown and Secretary of the Army Clifford L. Alexander Jr. about a contract sought by the firm. Again, in 1981, one of Biaggi's top aides interceded with the Small Business Administration when Wedtech was seeking a multimillion-dollar Army contract and needed the agency's help. Nothing unusual about that, Biaggi maintains; members of Congress do such favors for constituents all the time. It seems significant, however, that Wedtech had hired Biaggi's former law firm, run by his son Richard Biaggi and his former law partner Bernard Ehrlich, a former major general in the New York State National Guard. The lawyers' fee: $500,000 plus stock valued at $3.6 million when Wedtech went public in 1983. The government now alleges that Biaggi hid his ownership of 112,500 shares of stock (part of the $3.6 million) by placing them in the name of his son. Mario Biaggi has denounced the government's case as built on the word of "liars and convicted felons." Richard Biaggi and Ehrlich are now among the Representative's co-defendants in the corruption and racketeering trial.

Also a co-defendant in Manhattan is Stanley Simon, former Bronx Borough President. The government portrays him as being "on the prowl for whatever money he could get." It alleges that Wedtech paid him $50,000 as a political donation and to cover some of his Atlantic City gambling expenses. Wedtech also hired Simon's brother-in-law as a payroll accountant, paying him $133,000. The Bronx leader's influence was needed, the prosecution charges, to guarantee New York City's cooperation in a leasing deal. Simon, like Biaggi, has denounced the indictment.

When more help was needed to protect Wedtech's vital no-bid, minority status, Wedtech sought the assistance of Peter Neglia, regional administrator of the Small Business Administration. The son of a Brooklyn Republican district leader, Neglia played a critical role in certifying Wedtech's eligibility for preferential treatment as a minority-owned business. Indicted with the others, he is accused of receiving $3,000 from Wedtech for Republican organizations, of taking options for 20,000 shares of Wedtech stock and of later working for the Biaggi and Ehrlich law firm at a salary of $100,000, with Wedtech allegedly paying half of it.

In 1981 a public relations campaign was mounted to win friends in the White House. Charles Dickey Dyer 3d, a cousin of Vice President George Bush, was hired as a consultant. He wrote Bush and Army Secretary John Marsh Jr. urging support of Wedtech as a "double whammy for the 80s—lower cost military hardware which eradicates welfare." Another consultant, Phillip Sanchez, a Reagan

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supporter in Fresno, California, wrote to Lyn Nofziger, political adviser to the President. He suggested that Mariotta "should be invited to the White House for a picture with President Reagan." Mariotta later recalled that he had attended about a dozen meetings set up by the White House to woo Hispanic groups and that he had met the President twice, in small gatherings.

Wedtech's ties within the White House inner circle gradually expanded. In the spring of 1981 its main P.R. agent, Epstein, came up with the name of E. Robert Wallach, former president of the San Francisco Bar Association and the personal attorney and close friend of Edwin Meese 3d, then a counselor to the President. Wallach and Meese had been classmates in law school, and Wallach, who portrayed himself as an altruist acting from the purest of motives, wrote to Meese that Wedtech was having contract problems and sought his advice. Meese, Wallach said, did not offer any. Later, according to Federal investigators, Wallach was compensated with some $1.3 million in fees and Wedtech stock.

Meanwhile, Wedtech battled the Army over a contract to build 13,000 six-cylinder engines for generators and pumps. Wedtech originally sought $99.9 million, but the Army wanted to pay only $19.5 million. Wedtech reduced its price to $39 million, but the Army held to the $19.5 million figure. Now, the White House influence began to manifest itself. Pierre Talenti, a wealthy business executive and unpaid assistant to Nofziger, visited the Bronx plant several times. In January 1982, he and Henry Zuniga, a White House aide who was working with Hispanic groups, attended a negotiating session between the Small Business Administration and the Army. But the contract talks remained stalled.

The impasse was not broken until the chief deputy for Meese, James Jenkins, called an unprecedented meeting on May 19, 1982, in a conference room in the basement of the White House. Present were an Assistant Secretary of the Army, representatives of the Small Business Administration and a Wedtech delegation, which included Mark Bragg, then Nofziger's partner in a new Washington P.R. concern. Nofziger, the political guru of both the Nixon and Reagan Administrations, had given up his White House post on January 23, 1982, gone into business with Bragg—and been promptly hired by Wedtech. Federal investigators later charged that he was paid, in violation of the Ethics in Government Act, $886,000 plus stock with a potential value of $720,000.

With the meeting so structured, there could be just one purpose: to see that Wedtech got its contract. Wedtech's asking price had been reduced to $34 million; the Army offered $24 million. Jenkins ran the show with a heavy hand. As he later testified, he told the gathering he "would not stand for any bull." Wedtech's bid, he said, was not negotiable, and he warned the Army and Small Business Administration representatives that he would "talk to their bosses if I noticed any foot-dragging." A Wedtech executive who was present quoted Jenkins as saying, "The Administration was very interested in having the contract" given to Wedtech.

The day after the White House meeting, the Army yielded. It agreed to go up to $27.7 million; the Small Business Administration gave Wedtech $3 million in an outright grant, plus a $2 million loan. In the aftermath of the head-knocking session that produced these results, a lot of questions were asked, and are still being asked. The principal ones: What role did Ed Meese play? And who influenced whom?

At Lyn Nofziger's trial for illegally lobbying former government associates—which ended in a conviction—Attorney General Meese suffered official amnesia. Time after time he protested, "I can't recall" or "I have no specific recollection." He couldn't remember receiving an April 8, 1982, note from Nofziger arguing that "it would be a blunder" not to give Wedtech the contract and urging that either Meese or President Reagan step in to help the company. The Attorney General did recall getting a number of memorandums from Wallach, but Meese said that he took no action except to tell his aides to make certain that Wedtech got "fair treatment."

The treatment Wedtech received carried an unmistakable message of Administration interest. James Sanders, then head of the Small Business Administration, later testified that he had been pressured by the White House to persuade Navy brass to give Wedtech a $134 million contract to build pontoons. The Navy objected, doubting Wedtech could perform. The Navy turned out to be right, but Wedtech got the contract anyway. Sanders, who admitted he had given the company $5 million of his agency's funds, said that "the story of Wedtech is one of greed run amok."

The greed was nourished by the millions of dollars flung at Wedtech from all directions. The company was soon awash in annual revenues of $100 million. Its military contracts alone totaled $250 million before it went bankrupt—

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looted by kickbacks, bribes and payoffs of every description—in December 1986.

The story of greed run amok is not, however, just Wedtech's story. It is the story of American society. Willing hands were stretched out at almost every level to accept Wedtech bribes and payoffs. The dirty tricks were so institutionalized that four directors of the company set up a dummy firm, F.H.J. Associates, to handle the payments and, as they have admitted, to loot the corporate treasury of $2 million for themselves. A brief recapitulation of some of the devious financial manipulations shows how a few of the millions were spent:

§ Jenkins, the Meese aide who had bulldozed the Army, subsequently left government, became the Washington representative of Wedtech and received a salary of $165,000.

§ Facing a cash-flow shortage in 1982, Wedtech officials forged some $6 million in invoices to speed up government payments on its contracts. According to law enforcement officials, this and other accounting abuses helped Wedtech palm off $75 million worth of bonds on the public in August 1986, only months before it went bankrupt.

§ According to Wedtech partner Neuberger, founder Mariotta induced an outside auditor, Richard Bluestine, to cover up the invoice forgeries. In 1983, Bluestine became a director of Wedtech, receiving approximately $1.5 million in stock, $900,000 in favorable loans and a 1984 salary of $125,000.

§ Two officials of teamster Local 875 have been indicted for extorting $465,000 from Wedtech between 1982 and 1986 to guarantee labor peace.

§ Jerrydoe Smith, a contract specialist for the U.S. Postal Service, has pleaded guilty to accepting $20,000 in Wedtech bribes in connection with two contracts, for $5.7 million and $2.9 million to produce mail containers.

§ The restructured skeleton of Wedtech is now suing to recover millions from its former auditors and others. In one suit in Manhattan's Federal Bankruptcy Court it alleges that its former research director, Eduard Pinkhasov, bilked it of $100,000 in expense money. He purportedly triple-billed for meals and charged the firm for his daughter's college tuition and his utility bills. In addition, the suit alleges he bought a company-owned house in Scarsdale, New York, worth $800,000, for $400,000.

§ Maryland State Senator Michael Mitchell and his brother, former Maryland State Senator Clarence Mitchell 3d, have been sentenced to two and a half years in prison each for accepting a $50,000 Wedtech bribe. They were supposed to influence their uncle, former Representative Parren Mitchell, head of a Congressional committee monitoring the Small Business Administration, to block an investigation of Wedtech's sensitive "minority" status. There was no evidence they succeeded.

Such is the record—and a partial one at that. Lyn Nofziger was convicted in his trial because, in lobbying for Wedtech and others, he had violated a Federal law prohibiting former government employees from approaching associates still in office for a full year after leaving. Neuberger and three of his fellow Wedtech directors have pleaded guilty to fraud and embezzlement charges and are cooperating with ongoing prosecutions. These are being conducted by U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani in New York City and special prosecutor James McKay in Washington.

Both probes have raised new questions about Attorney General Meese and his financial dealings. And again, Meese's trouble is caused by the ghost of Wedtech and the activities of his old friend, E. Robert Wallach. Wallach, who spells his name with lower-case letters, like the poet e.e. cummings, represented Meese at his difficult Senate confirmation hearings, when questions were raised about the nominee's ethical standards. Meese won confirmation by promising to be more careful in the future.

In apparent furtherance of this pledge, Meese and his wife, Ursula, sold stocks worth about $55,000. What to do with the money? Wallach, the ever-helpful friend, had the answer. He knew a financial adviser in San Francisco named

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W. Franklyn Chinn. On May 25, 1985, Meese invested the $55,000 with Chinn in what was called "a limited blind partnership." Now, it just so happened that Chinn was a Wedtech consultant (he was soon to be made a director)—and Meese has admitted that he knew of Chinn's tie to Wedtech when he gave him the money.

And so the question arose: Did Meese, through Chinn, invest in Wedtech, the company his top aide had helped to win its first big military contract? The Attorney General was questioned about Wedtech and Chinn for ten hours during five appearances before a Federal grand jury in Washington. Meese's aides say that he answered all questions, and they don't expect an indictment.

An examination of Chinn's accounts failed to show any investment in Wedtech for Meese, but it did reveal that Meese had made a profit of $39,845 in two years. Chinn apparently had an uncanny ability to obtain hard-to-get shares of hot new stock offerings, and he made a lot of one-day trades. He had sometimes invested more money for Meese than Meese had available at the time, and it remains a mystery how the Meese account was financed.

After these disclosures, Meese severed his ties with Chinn, but he could not avoid embarrassment. Although Meese apparently has escaped prosecution, everyone associated with him in the Wedtech transaction has been indicted: Wallach, who had been appointed to the prestigious U.N. Human Rights Commission on Meese's recommendation, Chinn and Rusty Kent London, Chinn's partner, have all been charged in Federal District Court in Manhattan with racketeering and fraud. They are accused of extracting illegal payments from Wedtech in return for trying to get Meese to help the company.

The last major figure to appear in the affair was Chinn's partner, London. Trained as a doctor, he claims to have made a fortune as a professional blackjack player, and under a pseudonym he wrote three books on how to beat the casinos. From this, apparently, it was a short jump to Wall Street. He became Chinn's partner and a financial adviser to Wedtech. The company paid him a fee of $1.14 million. It is now charged that $770,000 of this fee, concealed on the books in real estate transactions, was channeled to Chinn for his services in helping Wedtech sell $17.7 million worth of stock to the public in January 1986. Wedtech stock, at one time selling for $16 a share, has since dropped to a fraction of a point.

Mariotta, his fellow directors and other ground-floor shareholders became instant millionaires when Wedtech stock went public in 1983. The only losers were purchasers of the stock and Wedtech's 1,500 employees, almost all of whom lost their jobs when the company went bankrupt. That is the sordid story, so complicated that the public has had difficulty following it but one devastating in what it says about American ethics.

All of this was lost on President Reagan. Speaking at a Republican fund-raiser in New York City in 1984, the President said, "People like John Mariotta are heroes for the eighties." Mariotta, of course, is among those now on trial in Federal court. □

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Populist Tax

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

owners of capital). The study concluded that, despite the Reagan Administration's rhetoric about "across-the-board tax cuts," 95 percent of American families in 1988 are paying a higher share of their incomes in Federal taxes than they did ten years ago. Only the richest 5 percent of the population has received real tax cuts, with the lion's share going to the wealthiest 1 percent. Indeed, the average tax cut this year for that richest percentile amounts to $44,750 a year, a whopping 25 percent tax reduction since 1977.

The combined effect of these regressive tax and economic changes is that for the 40 percent of American families at the bottom of the economic scale, average real after-tax income is lower than it was in 1977. The real after-tax earnings of typical middle-income families have grown less than 1 percent over ten years. But the average real after-tax income of the richest 1 percent of the population has jumped a staggering 74 percent. The rising tide of the Reagan "recovery" didn't lift all boats; it lifted a handful of yachts and left most everybody else bailing water.

The rich had grabbed almost all of the increase in incomes, but, thanks to supply-side tax policy, they are paying no additional tax on their enormous gains. Thus, unfair tax changes and growing inequality are the prime cause of America's new status as the world's most indebted nation. Unfortunately, it is much more respectable in Washington to blame the deficit on "entitlements"—meaning, in the main, Social Security. But Social Security, far from contributing to the deficit, is running a big surplus. (There are still Reagan apologists who blame other domestic social programs, but they have been largely discredited.) Some critics of the Administration, rather more plausibly, blame the Pentagon's military buildup. But Pentagon spending is not the central cause of the large deficits nor of the huge national debt.

Reagan came into office promising to increase military spending but to reduce Federal outlays, Social Security excepted. He succeeded. The cost of non-Social Security, nondefense programs has dropped, from 10.3 percent of the gross national product in fiscal 1980 to only 7.8 percent of the G.N.P. in fiscal 1988. That's $120 billion less this year than if it had stayed at the 1980 share of the G.N.P. Those domestic spending cuts were more than enough to pay for the big increase in military spending, which grew from 5 percent of the G.N.P. in 1980 to a high of 6.5 percent in 1986, and is at 6.1 percent this year. To oversimplify only slightly, the Pentagon military buildup has been paid for, effectively, by cuts in social spending.

That leaves supply-side tax policy as the culprit. Students of political humor will recall that supply-side theoreticians promised that their tax cuts for the rich would reduce, if not eliminate, the deficit. The argument was that supply-side incentives would lead to a boom in production, to increased Federal revenues and, soon thereafter, to a balanced budget. Things didn't work out that way.

The supply-side experiment actually began in 1978, when taxes on capital gains were substantially reduced (Jimmy Carter has since said he wishes he had vetoed the bill), and reached fruition in President Reagan's 1981 tax redistribution program. Altogether, supply-side tax cuts slashed Federal taxes for the richest 5 million American families (including their share of the corporate tax reductions) by a total of almost $370 billion over the 1981-88 period. The total bonanza for the wealthy—so far—is more than double the current annual budget deficit.

Reagan's program has roughly doubled the size of the Federal budget deficit as a share of the G.N.P. (not counting the reserves in the Social Security trust fund that will be used to pay out future benefits). As a consequence of the growing deficit, the national debt has also roughly doubled. And because the tax giveaways were paid for by borrowing, the debt problem is literally compounded. Federal interest payments have jumped from 1.5 percent of the G.N.P. in the 1970s to 3.4 percent of the G.N.P. this year, with no relief in sight.

Congress belatedly recognized the disaster it helped the President create in 1981. Tax reform legislation passed in 1982, 1984 and 1986 reversed a portion of Reagan's redistributionist policies. For instance, supply-side tax policies had succeeded in increasing the Federal tax burden sixfold on poverty-level families of four, from 1.8 percent of their income in 1979 to 10.8 percent by 1986. The 1986 Tax Reform Act reduced this punishing load on the working poor back to the 1979 level.

The 1986 Tax Reform Act, as the figures in the C.B.O. report show, also took back one-quarter of the tax cuts previously granted the richest 5 percent of the population. But the fiscal hemorrhaging continues. Tax cuts for the wealthy will cost the Treasury $57 billion this year alone. They will cost the next President at least $60 billion in fiscal 1989.

The economic rationalizations for supply-side economics ought to be thoroughly discredited by now. Supply-side incentives did not boost savings or spur investment. There is no longer an excuse—if there ever was one—for coddling the rich. Today's excessive inequality is both unfair and dangerous. The growth in income concentration in the 1920s, under the forerunners of today's supply-siders, helped lay the groundwork for the Great Depression. As Franklin Roosevelt declared in his second inaugural address, in 1937, "We have always known that heedless self-interest was bad morals. We know now that it is bad economics." The next President could say the same thing in his first inaugural address, in 1989.

But the influence of supply-side thinking persists. The same tired trickle-down arguments about savings and investment are being invoked again, this time in the campaign for a new national sales tax. The chief backers of such a tax are Washington business lobbyists. Recognizing that a tax increase is inevitable, they hope to impose the costs on everyone, with the least pain going to their corporate and wealthy clients. And some Democrats who should know better have taken up the cause.

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Bruce Babbitt, following the lead of economist Lester Thurow, touted the sales tax notion during his brief campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination. Babbitt's plan was well received in the liberal press, if not by the voters. Indeed, the idea of a national sales tax has become as fashionable in elite quarters as the calls to cut Social Security. There is little doubt that the next President will face heavy pressure from the Washington elite to accept such a tax as a supposedly "responsible" way to deal with the deficit.

The problem with the sales tax idea is simple: It is horribly unfair. Even with exemptions for food, clothing, housing, health care and medicine, the poor would pay three times more of their income in added sales tax than the rich would. The tax would cost middle-income families almost twice as much of their earnings, proportionally, as the rich.

Advocates of a sales tax sometimes try to avoid the appearance of inequity by adding provisions for some kind of income-tax credit or rebate to low-income families. The inspiration for such schemes is less from John Maynard Keynes than from Rube Goldberg. To start with a fundamentally regressive tax and then try to turn it on its head borders on the ludicrous. Besides, a study done by the Treasury Department in 1984 demonstrated that an effective tax-rebate program for the poor would be almost impossible to implement, since most poor families don't owe Federal income tax and aren't required to file tax returns. The most successful tax-rebate program imaginable would still leave the middle class and the poor paying a much higher share of their income in taxes than the rich.

In reality, most of the business lobbyists who support a national sales tax do so precisely because of its regressivity. If they succeed, they will leave intact more than 90 percent of the supply-side tax cuts enjoyed by the very rich and impose almost all the burden of deficit reduction on those already suffering under the tax and economic policies of the 1980s. The national sales tax, in short, is a rear-guard defense of Reaganism that no Democratic President should take seriously, much less sign into law.

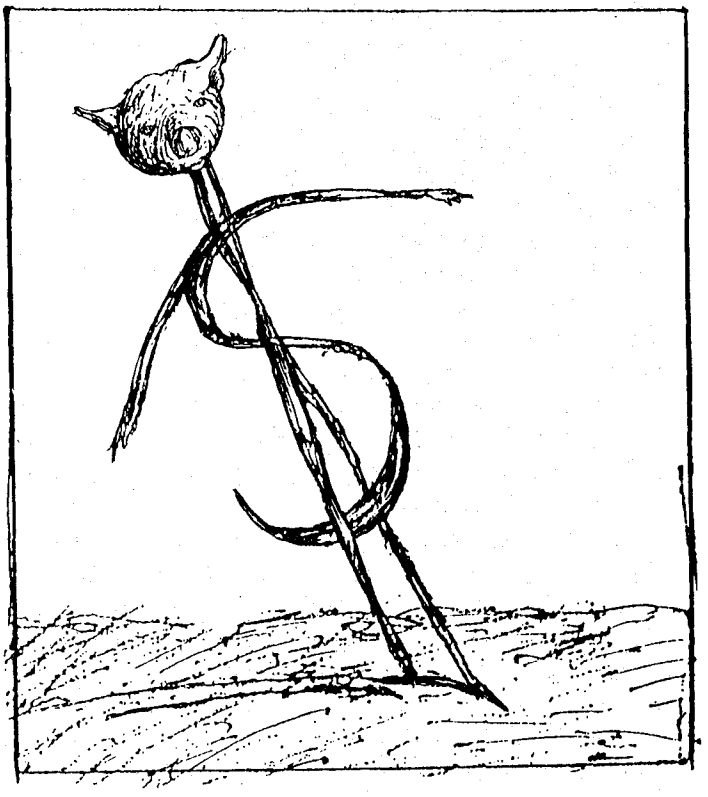
There's a better way. A sound and fair Federal tax policy is available to any President who cares to put the interests of the nation ahead of the interests of the rich. The plan doesn't depend on dubious assumptions of spectacular economic growth. It is not predicated on divine intervention to rout those familiar demons Waste, Fraud and Abuse. It doesn't require miraculously efficient tax collection (the panacea of Michael Dukakis), blue smoke, mirrors or voodoo economics.

A populist tax act for 1989 would be based on continuing the progress begun in the 1986 Tax Reform Act. It would curb the Reagan Administration's program of welfare for the wealthy and make government a better deal for the average American family. The details can be found in legislation that was approved by the House last year and in a book of tax reform options published by its Ways and Means Committee. The two basic features are a broadening of the tax base and raising tax rates for those families making more than $240,000 a year.

The legislation would close a series of tax loopholes, about two-thirds of which benefit corporations, and bring in some $23 billion a year. These reforms include cracking down on breaks for companies that move plants overseas; eliminating concessions still enjoyed by defense contractors; curbing incentives for corporate mergers and acquisitions; and modestly reducing excessive depreciation write-offs for business plant and equipment (now the costliest business loophole, losing Federal coffers $227 billion over the next five years). Also on the list should be restrictions on tax-shelter farming (which creates unfair competition for true farmers), a scale-back in the allowable deduction for business meals and entertainment to 50 percent (rather than the current 80 percent) and the elimination of some of the tax breaks for the real estate moguls of the Forbes 400.

The United States should reinstate at least a low-level tax on the interest earned by foreign investors in this country. Such a tax was repealed in 1984 at the behest of the Reagan Administration. The alternative minimum tax, which applies to companies and high-income people whose tax bills are otherwise very low, should be strengthened. First, the minimum tax rate should be raised from the current 20 percent for corporations and 21 percent for individuals to 25 percent for each. Second, the tax should be based on all the profits corporations report to their shareholders, not on only half those profits, as is the case under present law.

With a broader tax base, the next step should be to correct the notorious backward bend of current tax rates. When the income of a family of four exceeds $94,000, the tax rate of 28 percent rises to 33 percent. But when income rises above $240,000 the rate drops back to 28 percent again. Instead of going down above $240,000, the tax rate should go up. Asking truly rich people and corporations to pay a higher rate than the near rich—say, 38 percent—would raise more than $30 billion a year for the Treasury.



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All of the personal tax increases and almost all of the corporate tax hikes under this program would come from the richest 5 percent of the population. They would have to give back about three-quarters of the tax cuts that they now enjoy at the expense of the rest of us. This is not an onerous burden to place on the super-rich. Under populist tax reform, the wealthiest 1 percent of the population, the ones whose incomes have risen so dramatically over the past decade, would have to chip in all of 6.5 percent more of their pocket money to help support the government.

The benefits for the average American taxpayer are clear. American families—95 percent of them—would be better off under the populist tax reform than under a national sales tax. These changes would bring the government $57 billion in the first full year, and within four years they would reap at least $80 billion annually. By 1992 the populist tax platform would reduce the Federal budget deficit almost 60 percent.

Opponents of taxing the rich sometimes make the argument that asking the wealthy to pay their fair share, however emotionally satisfying, won't raise much revenue. Preposterous. The $452 billion in pretax income that the richest 1 percent of the population will garner this year is more than the total income of the bottom 40 percent of all families. Nearly $1.9 trillion in income is concentrated in the top fifth of the nation's people—those making more than $50,000 a year—and that is greater than the total earnings of the remaining four-fifths of American families. In terms of taxes this means that every additional 1 percent levy on the income of the richest 20 percent adds $19 billion annually to government revenues. A tax of 1 percent on the highest-income 5 percent of taxpayers amounts to $9 billion. Add the same increment to just the richest 1 percent—those who can most easily afford to pay more—and the Treasury would collect an additional $5 billion a year. By contrast, every 1 percent of income painfully extracted from the poorest fifth of all families adds only $1 billion a year to tax revenues. If the government is going to ask the American people to make sacrifices, it must begin with the rich.

Congress passed, and the President signed, the Tax Reform Act of 1986 mainly because the public demanded that something be done about highly visible tax avoidance by major corporations and wealthy people. Rather than guarantee low rates for the rich, the 1986 act reversed the policies of the previous decade, which had made the tax laws so grotesquely unjust. Even after the reforms, however, the distribution of income and taxes is far less equitable than before the onset of the supply-side experiment. Some have argued that we should now leave the income tax system alone in order to preserve the 1986 gains. But given the urgent need to increase Federal revenues, there isn't really any choice but tax reform. Either we will live up to the spirit of the 1986 changes by moving toward restoring a tax system based on people's ability to pay, or we will again reverse course, demanding that those Americans who have gained the least over the past decade pay the bills for the supply-side spending spree of those who have been enriched the most. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Chronic Calamity

Using Jonathan Kozol's book Rachel and Her Children *as a starting point, the four pieces assembled here represent a variety of perspectives on the causes of homelessness as well as on possible solutions to the problem. We hope that they will prompt further responses to the issue.*

KAI ERIKSON

RACHEL AND HER CHILDREN: Homeless Families in America. *By Jonathan Kozol. Crown. 261 pp. $16.95.*

The publication of Jonathan Kozol's important new book, *Rachel and Her Children*, brings back into focus a problem we as a nation do not seem to be able to concentrate on for very long. Countless people in this most blessed of lands are hungry and cold and miserable. We all know that. Somewhere between two and three million of them are without homes. We know that too. But before our eyes glaze over again from the weariness that such knowledge brings, we should take the public moment that Kozol and his book seem to have given us to consider what it means to speak of human beings as "homeless." What can a sociologist familiar with other forms of disaster say about the long-range effects of homelessness?

This, certainly: To be without a home is to be cut off from the rest of the world. A "place to live" means exactly that—a place to be alive in, a place to be a real person in, a place to connect one to a larger human community. So even if our society could devise comfortable ways to shelter and nourish and tend to the needs of the homeless, which it is pitifully far from doing, it would still be a terrible thing to be without a place.

How does such a thing happen?

One of the prevailing wisdoms, of course, is that the homeless cut themselves off from the rest of humanity, retreating for reasons of their own into fogs of psychosis and alcohol. It is impossible to know how many people fit that description, but surely less than half the homeless drifted into their present state suffering from some kind of diagnosable disorder. These are the loners we encounter on city streets—crouched in the shelter of doorways, curled into the pockets of warmth made by sidewalk grates, muttering endlessly about old indignities to companions no one else can see.

We tend to view such people as the victims of random acts of ill fortune or malice, not as the victims of some systemic flaw in society itself. For each individual, a personal hard luck story. They are all sad, these stories, but they are idiosyncratic, local to a time and place. They make it hard to speak of underlying causes unless one uses the language of psychiatry and thinks in terms of case histories.

The other portion, though—newer, younger, growing at a frightening rate—were simply *set* adrift by the workings of the market and by the indifference of the government. It is made up in large part of families, hundreds of thousands of them, including half a million children. These families are the subject of Kozol's book, and they require us to think quite differently about the way things came about.

"The cause of homelessness," Kozol declares, "is a lack of housing." That may be something less than profound logic, but it is certainly the right place to begin. The new homeless were evicted from the places in which they lived as a result of condominium conversion, fire, demolition, abandonment, runaway rents or some other calamity. So a simple calculation is all we need: As long as housing costs as much as it does, and as long as funds in the hands of the poor are as meager as they are, many millions of people are fated to be without homes. That is bad enough, but the pains of being without a home are compounded by the extraordinary hardships people must endure when they move into public shelter. Those assigned to welfare hotels—which cost every bit as much as the most luxurious of housing—can live with constant danger and anxiety as well as rats, raw sewage, festering garbage, faucets that draw no water and radiators that emit no heat.

Kozol deals in some detail with these matters. A large portion of Kozol's book, however, concerns the effects of being without a home. What does prolonged homelessness do to the people who fall from whatever grace the rest of us are fortunate enough to enjoy?

It feels a bit wrong to draw a profile of the people Kozol describes, particularly when one is reminded of personalities as distinct as the people he calls Rachel, Doby, Raisin, Christopher, Richard Lazarus. The sociologist's habit of merging people into groups, essential for understanding the patterns by which they live, seems cold and unfriendly here—all the more because the homeless are so easily submerged into stereotypes and because those whose job it is to care for them cannot help but be engaged in a form of herding.

Still, virtually all of the people Kozol met at welfare hotels and along the bureaucratic corridors of the welfare system can be described as numbed by what happened to them and afraid of what the world has in store for them. They are drained of whatever reserves of confidence and self-respect they once had, and they see the world around them as brittle, precarious, dangerous. They are depleted, demoralized, apathetic, depressed. They are in mourning for places and persons and times now gone, and they wander the spaces they now occupy—a grotesque, cruel, surreal wonderland that would try the soundest of souls—in a state of almost continual bewilderment and disorientation. They have few bearings, few ways to measure who or what or where they are.

Now Kozol has no way of knowing what kind of shape these men and women were in before they were set adrift, and indeed they might not have been the hardiest and most resilient of those whom fortune put to the test. But what is clear to Kozol, and he makes clear to us, is that homelessness *itself* damages the people who experience it, no matter what resources they bring to it. "It's like there isn't any bottom," says the man called Richard Lazarus:

> It's like a black hole sucking you inside. Half the people I know are suffering from chest infections and sleep deprivation. The lack of sleep leaves

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> you debilitated, shaky. You exaggerate your fears. If a psychiatrist came along he'd say that I was crazy. But I was an ordinary man. There was nothing wrong with me. I lost my wife. I lost my kids. I lost my home. Now would you say I was crazy if I told you I was feeling sad? I was a pretty stable man.

Maybe. Maybe not. But the experiences a Richard Lazarus must go through would supply explanation enough for a galaxy of disorders. He loses his purchase on the world and then finds himself sleeping in parks and subways, in shelters marked by the smell of urine and the sound of men weeping in their sleep, in special quarters presided over by guards who wear gloves in fear that they may have to touch a resident—all the time, says Lazarus, feeling like "trash," a problem of "waste disposal."

And then there are the children. Whatever the frailties of mind and spirit that may have predisposed the adults to homelessness, the children are something else. They were carried to the world in which they find themselves by winds of another making; the effects of homelessness on *them* are being etched on an untouched surface. The evidence is plain, too, not only from the reports of observers like Kozol but from the research of psychiatrists like Ellen Bassuk, that the experience takes a terrible toll on them.

Let me just say, then, that homelessness is a disaster in every sense of the term. It batters the people who are exposed to it in much the same way as catastrophes of a noisier and more immediate kind, and the frames of mind that it produces can be clearly recognized as the symptoms of trauma.

We usually reserve the word "disaster" to refer to a sharp eruption of some kind that does considerable harm and then comes to a close. An alarm sounds. A period of destruction and terror follows. And then the event is over: The flood waters recede, the smoke clears, the winds abate, the bombers leave, and an announcement is made that the danger is past. The pain of the event may remain, of course. Dreams may continue to haunt. Wounds may become infected. But we will call this "aftermath." "In the wake of the flood," we will say.

But chronic conditions as well as acute events can be responsible for trauma, and sustained homelessness of the sort Kozol describes must belong at or very near the top of the list of social conditions that traumatize. If one looks carefully at the faces of the homeless as well as at the dossiers that welfare agencies assemble, one can scarcely avoid seeing the familiar signs of trauma—a deep numbness of spirit, a susceptibility to anxiety and fear and depression as well as to sudden flashes of rage, a sense of helplessness and hopelessness, an inability to concentrate, a loss of various motor skills, an apprehension about the physical and social environment, a retreat into dependency and a general loss of ego functions. One finds those feelings wherever people have been battered by the force of some powerful calamity. But one also finds them in places where people feel left out of things, abandoned, separated from the flow of human life, treated like a form of refuse. That, too, is a form of battering.

Kozol is not exaggerating when he writes:

> Knowingly or not, we are creating a diseased, distorted, undereducated and malnourished generation of small children who, without dramatic intervention on a scale for which the nation seems entirely unprepared, will grow into the certainty of an unemployable adulthood.

We are running the risk of crippling great masses of people, and we are doing so in ways that are wholly unnecessary. "We aren't going to get away with this," Kozol quotes Daniel Patrick Moynihan, "We are *not* going to get away with this." □

Put 'Em Where We Ain't

ROBERT FITCH

If you get evicted and can't raise the money for another apartment, you may wind up spending a couple of years in the Holland Hotel, the Martinique Hotel or the Prince George Hotel: city residences that charge homeless families up to $3,000 a month but are no longer recommended by Duncan Hines. If so, you will actually be a lucky winner in Homeless Jai Alai, the addictive game New York City loves to play, in which the homeless are the *pelotas* and the odds are against staying in any one place for very long. The aim of the game, it seems from reading Jonathan Kozol's *Rachel and Her Children*, is to throw the homeless against the walls of the city's sleaziest and most dangerous shelters, keeping them bouncing back and forth until they drop out and go away.

This is extremely expensive sport. Last year, the city's emergency shelter program cost about $274 million. For the approximately 5,000 homeless families like Rachel's, the city pays over sixty hotel operators in excess of $100 million yearly. For sums like these you could put mortgages down on Trump Tower, the Helmsley Palace and the Plaza and still have money left over. How are we to understand a policy that spends so much to reduce so many to such a low level of subsistence?

Kozol jolts us into demanding an answer. His naturalist method deprives us of our usual defenses against the homeless, prevents us from stepping around them or paying the customary 25-cent "toll to the trolls" who block our path. Seizing us firmly like the ancient mariner, he drags us inside the hotels and compels us to listen to Gwen, a former private-duty nurse; Terry, an ex-lab assistant; Richard, an erstwhile data processor; and, most of all, Bible-reading Rachel and her children. "Mr. Rat came in my baby sister's crib and bit her," 6-year-old Raisin tells us. "Nobody felt sorry for my sister. . . . I started crying. All of a sudden I pray." These are people whose stories are so unrelievedly depressing, whose fates are so arbitrary and prospects so bleak that you feel forced almost at the cost of your self-respect to try to make sense of their tragedies. This is Kozol's strength.

His weakness is also a result of the naturalist method. By slicing the lives of his characters so thinly, peeling them down to talking heads in the single rooms of the Martinique, he denies us the information we need to figure out precisely what has happened to them. We lose any sense of the connectedness of Rachel and Raisin to the rest of society. We are made to feel the pain and humiliation of the homeless within the hotel walls, but we are desensitized to the forces outside that are reshaping the city's neighborhoods: the rationalization of space that puts high-rent people in the old inner cities and low-rent people at risk. Evidently, the homeless are people with no place. But where exactly were they before? What is happening to those

Robert Fitch taught last fall in New York University's Metropolitan Studies program.

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places now? And to whose benefit?

Kozol wants to combat the new mean-spiritedness that stigmatizes the poor as undeserving. But his slice of life method leads him to do so by producing a uniform sample of "deserving" poor. For example, he gives us Richard Lazarus, an apparent victim of a plant shutdown. A Vietnam veteran with an information-age occupation, Lazarus is well educated, well mannered, responsible. Indeed, he is so principled and considerate he worries that the author might not be able to afford a dollar handout. "Listen, yuppie," the author seems to say, "There, but for the grace of God. . . ." Kozol's choice of subjects lends a superficial plausibility to an explanation of homelessness that fades into tautology: "The cause of homelessness is lack of housing." It also props up Kozol's notion of an effective political remedy for homelessness: self-help. Just give these unlucky, formerly industrious people some building materials and a little capital, he says, and all will be well. Lost in this treatment is the hard-won distinction established in the last century between poverty and the poor.

It was Charles Dickens who showed how the urban poor were the objects not merely of misfortune, but of urban policy. Few of his characters react to immiserization as nicely as Richard Lazarus: Dickens avoided sentimentality precisely because he saw how the chaos and deprivation of poverty obviate the fine calculations of reward and punishment so beloved by the middle classes. At the same time, he was able to show that the Victorian poorhouse wasn't just the product of a dismal lack of caring that had somehow crept over the country. It was a conscious creation, a social machine designed to reduce an entire class to the smallest, most manageable and disposable proportions. When Kozol tells the story of a homeless man who climbs into a dumpster and is ground up by a trash compactor, the incident is treated simply as another hazard of homeless life. Dickens knew better.

The modern industrial poorhouse was created by the British House of Commons in 1834, at the prodding of a Benthamite commission of inquiry. The commissioners had discovered, as Dickens observed in *Oliver Twist*, that the old Georgian workhouse "was a regular place of public entertainment for the poor classes; a tavern where there was nothing to pay; a public breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper all the year round; a brick and mortar elysium, where it was all play and no work. 'Oho! said the board . . . we are the fellows to set this to rights; we'll stop it all, in no time.' So they established the rule, that all poor people should have the alternative (for they would compel nobody, not they) of being starved by a gradual process in the house, or by a quick one out of it."

How close we are to stepping twice into the same river of urban misery and calculating cruelty! The new prophets of welfare reform—Charles Murray, Thomas Main, George Gilder—make the same criticisms of the present welfare system that Benthamite critics made of the eighteenth-century Speenhamland system: that it discourages work; it encourages large families; it maintains the poor in one place. Indeed, all their wisdom can be derived from Bentham's "less-eligibility" principle of administering relief: "That the condition of the recipient should not on the whole be more eligible than that of any laborer living on the fruits of his own industry." Today's corollary, articulated by New York City Mayor Edward Koch and others, is that shelter for the homeless can't be "more eligible" than that enjoyed by rent-paying workers. Thus the Martinique, the Prince George and the Holland: No matter how much the city pays for homeless upkeep, the actual conditions of the homeless must not rise above the horizon of the most dilapidated South Bronx tenement.

If Benthamism is back, it is because a new cycle of urban poverty has once again brought with it the need to upset an equilibrium of rights and comparatively humane treatment established in more prosperous times. Today's homeless form the lowest ranks of a new reserve army of labor that has gathered in American cities. Its predecessor coincided with the Industrial Revolution, when the destruction of traditional agriculture, the introduction of rational cultivation, the expropriation of common land and the replacement of peasants by sheep coincided with declining mortality rates. From 1800 to 1850, London's population increased from less than 1 million to 2.3 million. Philadelphia grew fivefold from 81,000 to over 400,000, and New York tenfold from 62,000 to 660,000. Industrial capitalism needed these masses, but it did not need all of them all of the time. It suited the needs of the capitalist system for there to be large supplies of labor available on irregular, seasonal or cyclical bases, so that labor could be bought from the

HYPOCRISY: AMERICA'S LEADING EXPORT

Under the cover of "making the world safe for democracy", the U.S. has countless Military interventions and covert operations directed at destabilizing sovereign nations and popularly supported governments. Washington, D.C.'s rhetoric about democratic rights is twice over a fraud. Its global exploits have more to do with propping up multinational corporate interests than with the export of democracy. And the U.S. record on democracy at home is abysmal.

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The new postindustrial reserve army is the product of a spatial reorganization of the city rather than the countryside. Urban capitalism is carrying out its own clearance of people and enterprises. What the departing tenants, workers and industries have in common is that they pay far less rent than the arriving residential tenants and commercial users, collectively known by the acronym FIRE: finance, insurance and real estate. The mass of today's urban industrial workers have as much chance at the new FIRE jobs in programming or financial consulting as the peasants had at herding sheep. Birth rates are falling rapidly and urban populations generally stagnating, but the surplus population grows nonetheless and serves the same function as its nineteenth-century predecessor: to control and depress wages.

To call this process "deindustrialization" is misleading. Industry is not disappearing but merely relocating on the suburban periphery or in the cities of the newly industrializing countries. Just across the Mexican border, or in the great Third World cities, the traditional industrial reserve armies have formed again. The huge surplus populations of Mexico City, Seoul and São Paulo provide an irresistible attraction for capital, leading to further immiserization of the new reserve army at home.

In cities like New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, Boston and Dallas, where the number of FIRE workers exceeds the number of manual workers, the size of the reserve army is governed increasingly by fluctuations in the growth of financial and real estate capital. While financial and real estate booms tend to reduce the size of the reserve army as a whole, the need for more stockbrokers, clerks, runners, analysts, etc., increases the demand for offices and living space for elite workers. Conversion pressure on industrial and residential space within the commuting zone accelerates the pace of evictions, secondary displacement and unemployment. This helps to explain the apparent paradox of homelessness: The number of the homeless has grown exponentially not despite but because of the local Koch boom that began in the late 1970s, as well as the national Reagan boom.

The policy of urban capital toward the homeless is the same as ever: to shift the burden onto the working and middle classes. While Democrats and Republicans argue over whether the cost of the poor and homeless should be absorbed at the local or the Federal level, urban elites are seeking to shift them from their own space to the space where the working and middle classes live. This is the meaning of Mayor Koch's "Project Help." When Joyce Brown ("Billie Boggs") was forcibly transferred last year from the streets of the Upper East Side to Bellevue Hospital, the controversy centered on the question of her sanity; the specifics of the Koch administration's contract on the homeless were largely ignored. Those who were mentally ill, mentally retarded, crippled or alcoholic were to be taken off the streets "without regard for age or sex." But which streets? "On the East Side, from Fifth Avenue to the East River, South of 96th Street: on the West Side, from Fifth Avenue to the Hudson River, South of 110th Street"—an area corresponding closely to planners' definition of New York's central business district. Of the families in emergency shelters in 1986, less than 10 percent came from the neighborhoods covered by the contract. Why don't the needs of the 90 percent outside the C.B.D. have priority?

Together with Bentham's "less-eligibility principle," the rationale for the Koch administration's policy toward the homeless can be covered by the maxim: "Put 'em where we ain't." Ten years ago, New York City had less than 1,000 homeless families, typically victims of fire or temporary misfortune. The fivefold increase of the 1980s caught the Koch administration with no place to put them save the hotels. But in January, just as *Rachel and Her Children* was being serialized by *The New Yorker*, the city announced its five-year plan to close down all the Manhattan welfare hotels. While the number of homeless families increased from 800 in 1978 to over 5,000 in December 1987, the city expects the number to fall to just under 4,900 by 1992. But, however the totals actually turn out, Manhattan's share is planned to fall. With 55 percent of the homeless family population today, Manhattan will house only 24 percent in 1992. The Bronx's share will increase from 8 percent to 28 percent; Brooklyn's from 18 percent to 34 percent. Meanwhile the predominantly white borough of Queens will see a decrease in its share of the homeless from 16 percent to 9 percent.

The problem with the debate on

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homelessness is its relentlessly middle-class terms. It is hard to generate true compassion for beings whom we suppose to be too distant, too weak or too alien to reciprocate our feelings in any way. Overwhelmingly, the homeless come from the urban working classes. It is among those people, white and black, that organization against homelessness must chiefly be located. The problem of homelessness is not simply the lack of homes or even the lack of jobs. It is the lack of an understanding of the situation of the working class as a whole: the housed, ill housed and the homeless; the employed, the unemployed and those who are left out of the labor force altogether. Only when American working people understand that these various groups are one, only when recognition of that unity becomes the basis of their self-activity, can the still vexing spirit of Jeremy Bentham be put, finally, to rest. □

Give Them Shelters

THERESA FUNICIELLO

In the nineteenth century they were called poorhouses. By the early twentieth century they were called flophouses. Today, the Union *of* the Homeless calls them concentration camps and the Coalition *for* the Homeless develops them and calls them shelters. The union is a membership organization of homeless people. The coalition represents, first and foremost, the interests of the shelter industry, whose members dominate its board. Most people, including Jonathan Kozol, confuse the agendas of the two.

Kozol's moving book effectively uses the homeless to describe their own plight. However, he falls into the same trap that he warns others against: He can't quite hear what they are saying. He refuses to rely on them for prescriptive measures, instead choosing to derive political definitions primarily from the professional "advocates." He seems unconscious of the fact that the latter have a fiduciary and institutional interest in shelter development that makes them less than objective advisers for his book.

Let's start at the beginning. I'm not objective, either. I have been a homeless mother and a welfare hotel resident in New York City myself. More important, for several years I organized other welfare mothers in a grueling and largely unrewarding effort to insert our point of view into the debates on poverty policies that affected our lives. Many of our members lived in welfare hotels and shelters at one time or another, but we conceived of our problems there and elsewhere as a function of poverty, not a matter of location.

In fact, the label "homeless family" was in many ways more destructive than helpful in the long run. As it came into fashion, it redefined a population largely to suit the advocacy imperative of the social-welfare professionals. This distorted any accurate picture of the real problem: poverty (coupled with the meanest welfare system New York City has seen in at least half a century). Kozol could have written virtually the same book of nightmares about very poor families who don't live in shelters, in welfare hotels or on the street. That includes most of the welfare population and some of the nonwelfare poor, who exceed one million in New York City alone. The homeless represent only a fraction of that total and even they command attention only when their case fits the city's or the advocates' official designation. Not infrequently, families are delivered from a welfare hotel by one government agency, only to be evicted six months later because the building is condemned by another. While no longer officially homeless, these families have as many needs as before.

And so the problem of being without a habitable home was turned into the problem of emergency shelter provision—more contained for government, and more lucrative for social welfare interests. Under the rubric of "helping the homeless," social welfare empires were expanded and strengthened, careers were boosted and media stars created overnight, diverting scarce political and economic resources that could have been devoted to solving the real problems. While Kozol shakes his head over the vast sums of public money wasted on temporary accommodations in hotels, he seems oblivious to the comparable

Theresa Funiciello is co-director of Social Agenda, which works to insert poor people's point of view into policy debates.

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sums being siphoned into the pockets of providers and advocates through "not-for-profit" shelters.

Many of these advocates, in their other role as shelter developers, have worked ceaselessly to roll back the clock on housing codes in their quest for the most lucrative of shelters. Plumbing, electricity and other construction codes have been waived to make the physical structures cheaper. Space requirements have been all but abolished in order to cram as many bodies into as small a space as possible. By such terms of art as "self-help evictions," some prospective tenants have been made to sign a statement agreeing to evict themselves if the provider feels they have transgressed some rule (for example, by feeding the kids in the room). All this and more has been done quietly, behind the scenes, while publicly advocates seek an end to the welfare hotels, whose business they wish to take over.

Take the Coalition for the Homeless. I first met its founder, Robert Hayes, eight years ago, when he was making a presentation to a potential funding source. He clearly had no experience in poverty issues. When he finished, I approached him in a futile effort to persuade him to shift the direction of his advocacy away from shelters. He couldn't and obviously didn't know that the very thought of the shelters sends shivers down poor people's spines. I told him that expanding them would be a disaster, not only for the homeless males of whom he spoke but also for homeless families. He dismissed the discussion, saying, among other things, that to his knowledge homeless families didn't exist. Ironically, the first mention in Kozol's book of this "saint or martyr" of the homeless movement reads as follows: "Hayes . . . said that three fourths of the newly homeless in America are families with children."

Today the coalition can barely rake the funds in fast enough. Even its own board members have no idea of the amounts and sources of their money; according to one of them, Hayes maintains that since he raises it, he can do with it as he sees fit. Hayes is also chairman of the board of the Association to Benefit Children, which sponsors the East Harlem Family Center, until recently the most expensive shelter in the country, charging the welfare system more than $150 per family unit per day, whether or not it is inhabited. Andrew Cuomo recently topped Hayes with an even pricier set of toy apartments called HELP 1, which opened its doors in December. Privately, many advocates assert the absurdity of HELP 1, but most have their fingers too deep in the state's till to challenge the Governor's son in public.

In 1983, I worked with Nancy Travers, New York's reigning queen of shelter development, on a temporary assignment from my job as special assistant to the State Commissioner of the Department of Social Services, Cesar Perales. (It's worth noting that remarkably few of the public policy stars in this field are women, almost all are white—the reverse of the population "served.") Within D.S.S., Travers headed the newly formed Homeless Housing Assistance Program (H.H.A.P.), which was to distribute funds for the construction or rehabilitation of units for the homeless. Thoroughly inappropriate funding proposals, always for shelters, got her approval. As I began to know the players, I became aware how many of them were personal friends of hers, well-to-do ex-flower children playing power games with poor people's lives. Travers and Kim Hopper, co-founder with Hayes of the National Coalition for the Homeless, were married shortly thereafter. Jack Doyle, who headed the Red Cross's shelter development team, shared a cooperative with the duo. Fortified with philanthropic dollars, these "experts" and a long list of H.H.A.P. grantees engaged in psychological warfare with the dragon Mayor Edward Koch while courting the gallant Governor Mario Cuomo. Before you knew it, the shelter industry and its soul mate, the food distribution business, had become New York's growth industry. A joke went around our office: "How many homeless people can you pack on the head of a pin? Answer: As many as you can get D.S.S. to fund you for."

One proposal from the Henry Street Settlement (given honorable mention by Kozol) had a ratio of more than one staff person for every adult in the household, but only 81 square feet of space for each family—less than the legal minimum for a jail cell. Jack Doyle at the Red Cross proposed taking a twenty-nine-room S.R.O. and turning it into a shelter for eighty-four people in families without expanding the space one inch. Like nearly all those requesting funds, both groups wanted not only hundreds of thousands in capital grants but also ongoing "per diems" to pay for service staff, "depreciation,"

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debt service, etc., as well as standard operating and maintenance costs. The poor were caught in the stranglehold of helping hands righteously dishing out soup here, providing a cot there, offering every conceivable form of counseling to fix them and looting the treasury in the process.

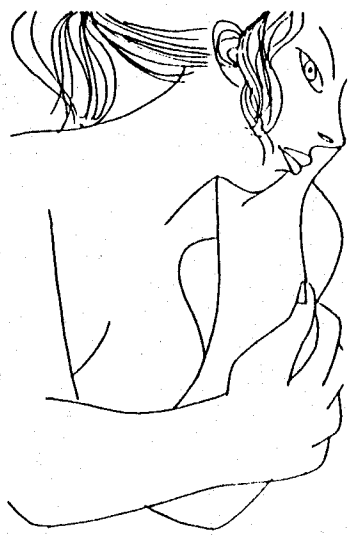
Along the way, there were sensible, concrete options. Of the dozen or so steps that could still be taken, these are a few:

1. *Converting Resources from Shelters to Housing.* In New York State, over $1 billion from combined sources will be spent on welfare hotels and shelters in 1988. Government officials, shelter providers and advocates have led the media (and each other) to believe that Federal regulations prohibit these funds from being more wisely spent on permanent housing. The fact is that with a modicum of ingenuity and a dose of political will, these dollars could be redirected. Last year, I inserted myself as a "fellow" into New York's legislative process. Working closely with several women legislators, I produced a relatively simple blueprint for that conversion. The plan was finally examined by a hearing on the homeless cosponsored by a half-dozen different legislative bodies in June. By the end of the discussion, most of the naysayers were convinced the cat was out of the bag: It can be done. That remains true, though new political obstacles are raised at every turn.

Consider the current system: As much as 90 percent of the payments to not-for-profit shelters are for expenses not associated with the physical operating and maintenance of running a building. Instead, these funds pay for a battery of "services" ranging from social workers to administrators. In this sense, we are using social workers to treat what is primarily a housing problem, which is akin to hiring a plumber to treat appendicitis. At an average of $75 per family per day (less than half the sum for either Hayes's or Andrew Cuomo's shelters), it costs $2.7 million to run 100 units each year. Over a twenty-year period, factoring in a conservative 3 percent inflation rate, it will cost $73.6 million to run this kind of shelter, of which as much as $66.2 million could be spent on non-shelter items. This figure represents a substantial "hidden" budget. No legislative body votes on these expenditures. Instead, they are appropriated by administrative fiat of state D.S.S. and the city's Human Resources Administration, which run the welfare system. The patronage conduit thus afforded to the "welfare department" is formidable.

2. *Restoring Responsibility to the Housing Authority.* An even speedier solution is through existing public housing. However, this runs counter to the current discriminatory practices of housing authorities around the country. For instance, between 1980 and 1983, the welfare population in New York City's public housing units was covertly reduced from 25 percent to 23 percent—which means that 20,000 fewer children were housed in the city's public housing in 1983 than in 1980. It is a matter of public record that the 1970 welfare hotel crisis in New York City was alleviated primarily by increasing the intake of homeless (welfare) families into public housing by 100 families per month. In spite of the relatively low vacancy rates, this could be done again.

3. *The Pre-homeless Syndrome.* By a process known as "churning," the welfare department knocks tens of thousands of eligible people off the rolls each month. One Human Resources Administration worker maintains that three out of five families entering the shelter system would not be there but for the failure of the income maintenance program



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to sustain their benefits. A touch of administrative accountability on the part of the welfare department would seem to be in order here, but advocates who don't benefit from mentioning the problem can't be expected to raise it with much fervor.

These are only three of the relatively obvious things that could alter the homeless horizon but aren't in political vogue. Actually, Kozol's homeless families say repeatedly what they think could be done. They rail against the insane welfare bureaucracy; they point out the absurdity of spending money on hotels and shelters when they could be housed permanently in real apartments. But when Kozol comes to discussing solutions, in the section of his book titled "Facing the Year 2000," he goes straight to the advocate/providers for answers. First on his list is the expansion of the shelter system, primarily by converting the dollars spent on welfare hotels not to permanent housing but to not-for-profit shelters. This brutalizes the homeless while postponing the fight for permanent housing—which Kozol addresses only briefly, in the weakest and worst thought-out section of his book.

It is because we tolerate a form of imperialism in our internal affairs that this nightmare has gotten so out of hand. We have made it all but impossible for poor people to represent their own interests in the political forums that could benefit them, telling ourselves instead that the poor cannot or do not know what's best for them. The result of this bigotry is that we render unto the fox the responsibility to advocate for the chickens. The true costs are incalculable. □

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The House of Ruth

JACQUELINE LEAVITT

Homelessness is a lot more than houselessness; homelessness involves the loss of connections with an entire community of other people. ***Rachel and Her Children*** is a powerful and accurate description of the daily lives of homeless families, but for the most part Kozol fails to get beyond the conventional view of housing as the cause and solution to the problem of being without a place to call one's own. In two pages of an appendix and in his "Notes," Kozol branches out briefly to discuss the crucial relationships among living arrangements, social connections, leadership development, job training, jobs and child care, but these concerns don't make much of an impression next to the persistent cry for more housing.

Kozol is not alone in his reluctance to go beyond the obvious. Housing policymakers and analysts frequently fight for increased production of units but do not push for the services that would enable people to become independent, to be more than passive objects of administrative action.

The debate over housing and/or services has long been an issue in public housing. Public-housing tenant leaders like Bertha Gilkey in St. Louis's Cochran Gardens project and Kimi Gray in Washington, D.C.'s Kenilworth Parkside have fought to retain their units rather than see them demolished or sold; they have also fought to reinstate the community facilities that early public-housing reformers like Edith Elmer Wood, Catherine Bauer and Mary Simkhovich originally envisioned. Rather than being simply barracks-like permanent units, public housing was originally supposed to answer to the needs of everyday life; it was meant to be a place where poor people could put down roots, become leaders, maintain ties with friends, and have access to child-care centers and meeting rooms. It was not supposed to be a punitive storage area for social discards. Current discussions of homelessness and affordable housing remind us of how far we have moved from the original intent of public housing as formulated in the 1930s.

Looking on people as advocates and tenant leaders, not only as victims, is central to reformulating the issue and solving the problem. Most low-income residents in public housing and city-owned, landlord-abandoned buildings are women. In a study I did with Susan Saegert of tenants in New York City's abandoned buildings we found that women (and some men) have rescued buildings that lacked heat or hot water; they have endured the miserable conditions Kozol describes in the Martinique Hotel—broken elevators and rat- and insect-infested apartments. The prospects before these people were not very different from those confronting the Martinique's residents—they all faced the loss of their housing. But a combination of several factors helped the people in our study to survive: They were able to form limited equity cooperatives because they employed community pressure to improve their building; their resolve was strengthened by their sense of community and attachment to place; they pooled their limited resources from work as domestics, civil servants and in low-paid service positions; they relied on networks of neighbors and citywide and neighborhood technical assistance groups. But they never could have achieved as much as they did without public funding and without their persistence in threading their way through a maze of city programs.

These stories helped us to understand

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why the leaders in these buildings were almost always women. Tenants' activities have a lot in common with the repetitive, practical tasks of housework. Budgeting, housecleaning and conflict resolution skills were transferred from the individual home to the collective household. Women operated and maintained the building; women identified funding sources for capital repairs; women formed committees that counseled tenants with rent in arrears; they screened new tenants, and visited the sick and infirm. Male leaders acknowledged women's capacity for attention to the physical upkeep of the home and the maintenance of the social world of the building. Saegert and I call these new settlements, where women's skills extend out in ever-widening circles from the individual household to the building and community, "community-households." They are powerful models for helping the homeless to help themselves.

Of course, homeless people's lives are more disrupted than those of tenants in buildings abandoned by their landlords, but both groups draw attention to the basic units of society—the family and the household. Even in the most abject of the circumstances Kozol describes, women struggle to care for their children and for others who need their aid. If we look closely enough, as Kozol does only intermittently, we can see the seeds of their potential survival in this struggle. Since he gives few examples of successful solutions to homelessness, Kozol reinforces pessimism about the political likelihood of small-scale alternatives. But there are a number of successful, modest-sized refuges, primarily run by nonprofit organizations, which draw on women's strengths to offer the homeless a range of services that will help them toward independence. One of these is the House of Ruth in Los Angeles, which was established nine years ago by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet. Money to run the House of Ruth comes from government grants and individual donations. The board is made up of women, and the three coordinators who collectively run the emergency shelter are also women. The paid staff includes part-time employees responsible for child care, counseling and job training. The two-story house has a homey feel—guests eat and watch television in the old living and dining room; on the same floor four senior aides supervise children who range in age from infants to 5-year-olds. On its upper floor, the emergency shelter has four rooms for guests. Usually a woman and her children are in one room, but there are instances when unrelated people share a room. A live-in staff woman occupies a fifth room; three nights a week, another staff woman sleeps in an alcove that also provides a secluded place for counseling.

Guests, who are without resources of any kind, arrive at the emergency shelter by referral or by word of mouth. The shelter staff becomes the guest's support network. The staff shops for food, prepares meals, distributes clothing, negotiates with schools about children who may be in the district for only a short time, spars with the welfare bureaucracy to insure that checks arrive in time, intervenes with immigration, handles problems with the Department of Children Services, provides transportation and counsels guests about jobs and about finding permanent housing. There is a fine-grained attention to detail that eases the pain of dependency and aids in gaining independence. If guests have to make many calls, for example, they can use the office telephone rather than the one pay phone in the public hallway. Phones are answered with "hellos" that do not identify the shelter, a way of avoiding discrimination from prospective landlords and employers wary of renting an apartment or offering a job to a homeless person.

Though the scale is very small, the House of Ruth is impressive and instructive. Support does not stop when someone finds a permanent home. People are counseled about their skills and helped to find jobs. The staff holds classes to bring women's domestic skills to a professional level, identifies jobs and follows up, insuring that the women receive a fair wage and are not exploited or mistreated. Recognizing that emergency shelter is insufficient, two years ago the House of Ruth rented a nearby house for transitional housing (the step between destitution and independent permanent low-income housing) for four women and their children; this year they purchased an adjacent house, also for transitional housing.

If we are to respond to homelessness we must, like the House of Ruth, have more than one strategy. Funding for housing, even in the best proposed legislation, is insufficient for people with no income. There must be companion funds for job development and child care. Feminists have helped draft model legislation

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that addresses the complex needs of low-income women. In California, the Family Housing Demonstration Program is one piece of Senator David Roberti's Housing and Homeless Act. The act authorizes a $450 million general obligation bond issue to be placed on the November 1988 and 1990 ballots. The $15 million Family Housing Demonstration Program will offer incentives to private developers to build multi-unit rental or cooperative housing with job training and child-care services. The New York State Women's Housing Coalition brought the Family Demonstration Program to Assemblyman Pete Grannis's attention; they hope that similar legislation will be introduced in New York to create a fund to finance housing with on-site child-care facilities, community rooms and laundry facilities. Representative Joseph Kennedy II has introduced the Community Housing Partnership Act, which will provide $10 million to support expenses and training for the staff of nonprofit community-based organizations, and for the administration of education, counseling and organizing programs for tenants eligible for affordable housing. It also proposes to provide $500 million in grants to subsidize the development of affordable rental housing and homeownership.

Homeless people understand the need for a broad perspective on their problem. One of Kozol's interviewees, Kim, a former preschool teacher, wants people to realize that there are gifted people in the Martinique, that they can be taught to read, that they need day care and a place to meet. Implicit in what Kim says is a vision of how people can live in a community; she does not see improving the conditions at the Martinique as a solution, and she is right. Rachel and her children also have some insight into what they really need. Rachel knows that she is poor; her children know that they are treated differently from other children in school. Rachel may seem to express herself naïvely by talking about her desire for four plates, four glasses and four spoons for her children, but she understands that with those simple tools they could eat as a family and gather individual strength from a more cohesive social unit.

If we read Kozol's book closely we can hear more than despair; we can learn about people's strengths and needs, and through these we can learn how to help them. If we listen to what these people are saying, we can see what to do about poverty. But we also need to know more about modest projects around the country like the House of Ruth. A housing policy rooted in the experiences of the daily lives of women will also reach the men and children connected to them. A woman in a low-income cooperative in Harlem told me about wanting "to invest in our stores and eventually take over all our stores and make some kind of work for people that's not able to go to work, for when I get tired of doing my job, I'll have somewhere to come. When Ruth gets tired of doing double shifts in the hospital, she can just sit down for a while." A strategy for homelessness has to be based on making these broader connections. □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Tim Berne
Bill Frisell
Hank Roberts

Jazz—whatever that is—never stays still for long, and its recent crop of newcomers is headed in some fascinating directions. They keep shifting the balance in their music between composition and improvisation—heightening the persistent tension in jazz that gives it much of its propulsive power. That shifting is the result, in part, of the way in which the pickup group, the instant band that comes together onstage or after hours for blowing sessions, has been supplanted by formal schooling and private jamming in this generation's musical education. It also reflects the way the musical upheavals of the 1960s and 1970s shattered the conventions that made bandstand education possible.

To a large extent the concept of the band is now being rearranged. Gone are the flat-out blowing sessions of the 1970s, while scores are making their reappearance on the bandstand. The harmolodic revolution led by Ornette Coleman has been crucial here. "Free" jazz is democratic in its approach to composing and arranging—the emphasis is on the band's movement as a whole rather than on a star soloist and supporting players. But what results is not necessarily a chaotic outpouring of raw, unpremeditated musical power. In his version, Ornette insists on the priority of composition even during the unleashed group improvisations and claims that most of what you hear on his Prime Time records is written. Like much of what he says, this is subject to interpretation, but it's been an influential statement nonetheless.

Of all the Colemanesque developments in the new music scenes around New York, one of the most consistently fascinating centers around alto saxophonist Tim Berne and guitarist Bill Frisell. They've worked as a duo, and their bands share personnel. Nevertheless, the sounds in their heads couldn't be more different. Frisell's music is shot through with a mutant Western strain, as if a bunch of cowpokes were swapping stories of cattle drives after downing lots of Jack Daniels and peyote. Berne, on the other hand, revels in the relentless industrial sounds of the cityscape: He's the street-smart hipster bopping past a twelve-car pileup, eyes and ears wide open.

What they share is a love of electronic noises and a distaste for the "normal" rock or jazz instrumental lineup—they're looking to redefine the sound of music. Their approach to making music turns on improvisation but proceeds from heavily composed and arranged scores in which even the solos are often annotated.

Three members of the Berne-Frisell nexus—Berne, Frisell and Hank Roberts—have recently released albums illustrating their personalized spins on these tendencies. As they range from the swaggering to the subtle, they, along with the Brooklyn-based crew that includes altoists Steve Coleman and Greg Osby, keyboardist Geri Allen and trombonist Robin Eubanks, are mapping some of the main lines for this generation's musical growth, much as the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians did twenty years ago.

In Berne's case, especially, that's no accidental linkage: he learned his alto sax and compositional skills from alto master Julius Hemphill, one of the key members of Oliver Lake's Black Artists Group, the A.A.C.M.'s St. Louis analogue. (Now Hemphill, Lake, David Murray and Hamiet Bluiett make up the much acclaimed World Saxophone Quartet.) Picking up the sax in his late teens, Berne wanted to mix the rawboned r&b/soul horns he loved (he still listens mainly to soul music) with his interest in broader composition. That's why he sought out Hemphill, who was doing just that.

Cutting albums for his tiny Empire

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label and then for the Milan-based jazz label Black Saint/Soul Note over the last several years, Berne set about forging his own idiom. His last two disks leave no doubt he's succeeded. ***Fulton Street Maul*** (the reconstruction of downtown Brooklyn pounded for years outside Berne's windows) sears and jangles and scrapes and even occasionally soothes as it hurtles through the urban landscape gleaning bits of beauty from the wreckage. Frisell's arching guitar smears its fat tones across the picture just before tailing off into the cracks of the piano keyboard—he's learned his lessons about un-well tempering very well. Hank Roberts's electrified cello skitters and sings like a sawblade, and Alex Cline's drums are always stirring up trouble.

For his second major-label release, Berne shifted his lineup, replacing Frisell with trumpeter Herb Robertson and bassist Mark Dresser, and Cline with Joey Baron. Not surprisingly, his music's emphasis shifted too. On ***Sanctified Dreams*** Berne no longer has to wedge the splinters of urban life under your fingernails; he can relax a bit and ride the energy bursting from his tightly plotted, incrementally organized compositions and arrangements. While the music is no less intense than on ***Maul***, it's more accessible and offers diced-up bop ("Velcho Man") and ruminative melodies ("Sanctified Dreams") as well as raging snarls. Baron, in particular, skews any beat he plays with such offhand authority that there's no danger of a piece settling into predictability; he prods and pokes the band into the music's antic mood swings—from smokily mutant blues to finessed bebop to gritty near-heavy metal.

Frisell has had more trouble documenting his extraordinary growth on his own records. The head of his record company, ECM's Manfred Eicher, an eccentric wizard of sorts, insists on swaddling all of his label's recordings in the equivalent of a hyper-reverberant medieval cathedral. Somehow Frisell's latest effort, ***Lookout for Hope***, manages to capture the jabbing, feinting, greasy raunch he spews out with endless invention and country soulfulness onstage.

His music is kaleidoscopic, a shimmering blur of gentle seduction and ferocious attack. Over the tripwire beats of drummer Baron and the staggering bass of Kermit Driscoll, Frisell and Roberts fly daredevil loop-the-loops through a cloud of electronic enhancements, now strafing one another and the tune, now executing precise split-second formations. Part of the music's catchy genius is the way in which it becomes tactile, insinuates a literal sound-sculpture.

Frisell's abilities as a composer have begun to equal his guitar prowess. That's clear from the way his tunes can stand next to Monk's "Hackensack," the one cut on ***Lookout*** not from his pen. From the metallic slash-and-burn of "Remedios the Beauty" to the minimalism-meets-bebop "Hangdog," from the reggae-inflected "Alien Prints" to the achingly sweet country sighs of "Lonesome," Frisell never lets his songs get stuck in a single groove. He writes melodies, not just vamps that are excuses to solo, unfolds sequences of ideas across kinetic juxtapositions, uses spaces as daringly as he does his electronic effects to create an unmistakable voice.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

With Berne as leader:
Sanctified Dreams (Columbia)
Fulton Street Maul (Columbia)

Berne/Frisell duo:
. . . *theoretically* (Minor Music)

With Frisell as leader:
Lookout for Hope (ECM)

Frisell with Power Tools:
Strange Meeting (Antilles)

Frisell/Reid duo:
Smash and Scatteration (Minor Music)

With Roberts as leader:
Black Pastels (JMT)

Nor is the versatile and much-in-demand Frisell limited to his own music. His extensive jazz training makes him one of the few players who can confidently crisscross from downtown New York–style freneticism to the mainstream without a serious misstep. His recordings and live dates with famed drummer Paul Motian and young guitarist/composer Leni Stern show off his idiosyncratic guitar vocabulary in more conventionally unconventional jazz settings. His disk with fellow guitar flamethrower Vernon Reid, ***Smash and Scatteration***, reworks the history of guitar duos from Lonnie Johnson and Eddie Lang on up with barbed, witty intensity. The aptly named Power Tools, his collaboration with ex–Ornette Coleman drummer Ronald Shannon Jackson and ex–Decoding Society bassist Melvin Gibbs, rips and roars on ***Strange Meeting*** with all the grace of a rampaging jackhammer.

As a composer, cellist Hank Roberts leans more toward the pastoral than any of his colleagues, although his musical landscape harbors whining ghosts that can leap out from behind the smallest bush without warning. His debut, ***Black Pastels***, pulls together Berne, Frisell, Dresser, Baron and Eubanks, along with trombonist Ray Anderson and bass trombonist Dave Taylor, for yet another oddly weighted lineup.

Roberts's cello is an extension of his voice, and vice versa; he wears a headset with microphone and sings along, usually in a keening, wordless style that deliberately echoes Tibetan chanting. As his voice veers from drone to wail, the cello haunts it, then sidesteps it to trade places in the foreground, a shadow becoming substantial. Couple this introspective dialogue with the group exchanges ricocheting all around him, and you've got the essence of his music's motive power.

Roberts drives the combination far. The ambitious, gnarled composition called "Granpappy's Barn Dance/Death Dance" begins with a trombone choir in a bleary round beneath Berne's screeching alto, and segues through one inventive, contrasting section after another, from tottering waltz to burbling, grum-

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bling trombone strut. "Scarecrow Shakedown" takes off from a basic blues lick to land on the far side of Alice's mirror; "Lucky's Lament" forges edgy metallic textures into a modern Amerindian dirge. Meditative and waspish and always moving, ***Black Pastels*** offers another set of possible clues about the shape of music to come. □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 446*)

"associations" between ecofeminism and bioregionalism and deep ecology too strongly. In most ironic fashion, however, her letter and the following one from Sharon Helsel and John Ely far outdid Sale in the area of overzealous presentation of one's favorite cause: They present many positions of the social-ecology group as if they were *the* positions of the national and international ecofeminist movement. Several passages in their letters are almost word-for-word repetitions of the positions that group put forth in July at the national gathering on Green politics.

§ Their intentional misdefining of biocentrism as "the domination of nature over people" in order to decry it. Several people in the audience at the Amherst conference corrected the social-ecology group on this, explaining that the meaning that "biocentric" has throughout the networks of the new ecological movements is that the web of life, in which the human is embedded, is the central focus. As such, biocentrism is posthumanist. (There is actually quite a bit of overlap between the ecologically enriched kind of humanism favored by the social-ecology group and the sensibilities of biocentrism, but the social ecologists do not seem interested in respectfully acknowledging common ground.)

§ Their relentless ideological war against the deep ecology movement, fought not by addressing the core concepts (e.g., nonhuman species have value in their own right, not merely as resources for us, and humans have the right to violate other species and their habitats only insofar as it is necessary to meet our vital needs) but by focusing on the most extreme comments by a small number of individuals. The reason the concept of deep ecology, developed by the Norwegian philosopher Arne Naess, has spawned ecosophy study groups within the Green networks of Europe, has attracted so much attention in philosophy departments in Europe, North America and Australia, and has inspired so many activists is not that one individual (or even a few) in the American West made a statement shockingly lacking in compassion about AIDS or the suffering in Ethiopia, nor is it because an individual wrote a disappointing passage about the existential pleasures some men reap from recreational hunting. Every movement, like every individual, is in process. Like other ecofeminists, I have suggested that certain problematic positions stated by some followers of deep ecology be rethought—in fact, I cited six of these problems in my keynote address at the ecofeminist conference, but did so within the context of acknowledging the common ground among the new ecological movements. It is inaccurate to imply that the ecofeminist movement at large considers the deep ecology movement to be an enemy, as the rhetoric of the social-ecology group often indicates.

§ Their refusal to acknowledge the considerable archeological evidence that the Indo-European invasions of barbarian tribes into Europe beginning in 4500 B.C. introduced a patriarchal chieftain system, fortifications and glorification of a warrior cult, adoration of a sky god and, simultaneously, desacralization of earth. The social-ecology group became exercised at this evidence, as indicated in Helsel and Ely's letter, because it does not fit into their belief system. Helsel and Ely know very well that I have never said that these events are the sole cause of all "the problems of the world," nor that they were the sole dynamics in the evolution of centuries of patriarchal society, merely that the archeological excavations reveal a radical shift and that several core aspects of the imposed Indo-European culture are with us still.

The new ecological/social movements are involved in building a new political culture, a new political ecosystem in which all the parts that have valuable contributions to make are respected. If even one part of the whole is pummeled into silence via the old, patriarchal, power-grabbing, competitive modes of doing politics, the full potential of the budding political culture will be lost. "Honor Diversity" is not an empty slogan of the new politics; it is ecological wisdom. It is essential that we discuss differences within and among the movements, but this can be done without destructive dynamics, such as straw-man arguments, aimed at targeted movements and individuals. Since the goal is to expand the common ground among kindred movements and achieve a nonviolent revolution in culture, politics and economics, critical discourse framed respectfully in gratitude and appreciation for the contributions of others makes better political sense.

For that was the most memorable aspect of the ecofeminist conference at U.S.C. and yet the one element that no one has mentioned in any of the coverage. From the opening addresses throughout the entire weekend, an abundance of gratitude for everyone's various contributions, as angles of perspective focusing on common concerns, was palpable. Differences were discussed, for the most part, in an ambiance of respect and appreciation. Let's hope it was an inspiring model and not just a fluke.

Charlene Spretnak

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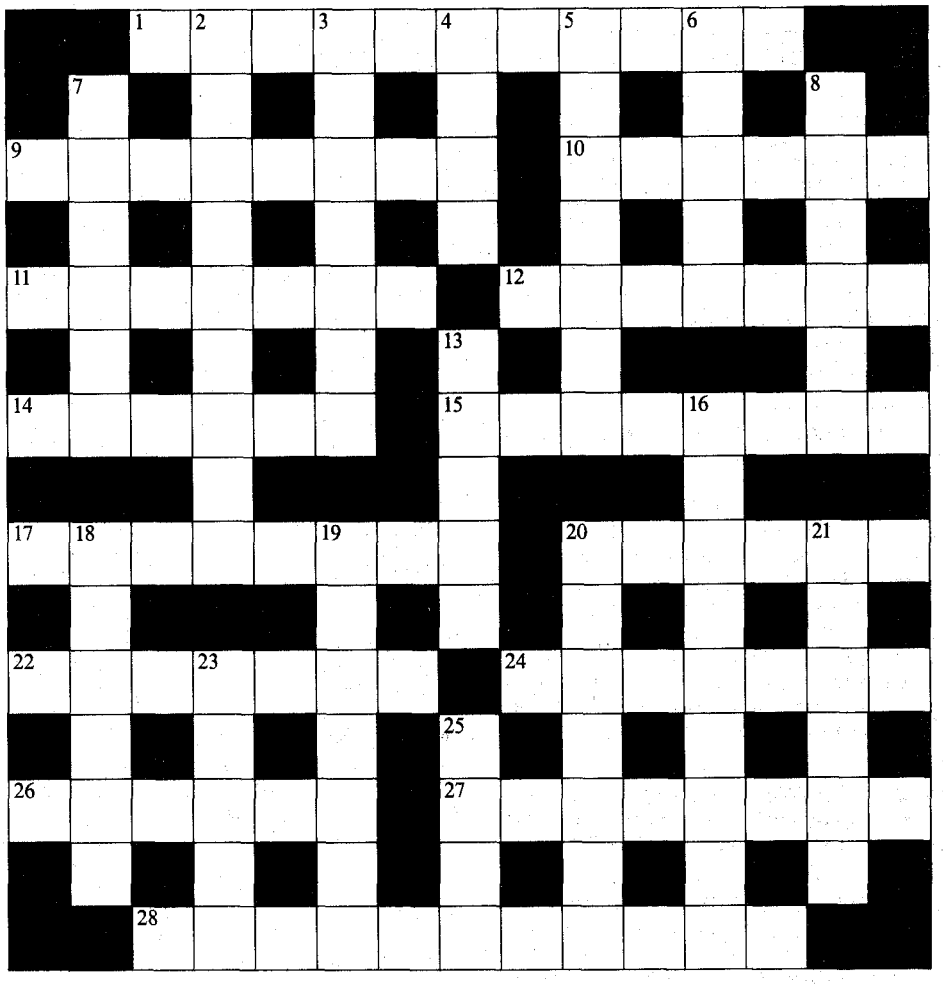
O	N	T	O	A	G	O	O	D	T	H	I	N	G	■
B	■	I	■	V	■	U	■	S	■	E	■	T	■	I
E	N	C	H	A	N	T	S	■	P	R	I	S	O	N
L	■	■	■	G	■	■	■	■	■	T	■	■	■	V
L	I	B	Y	A	N	■	A	P	P	O	S	I	T	E
O	■	R	■	N	■	B	■	E	■	G	■	C	■	S
■	D	I	S	C	O	U	R	A	G	E	M	E	N	T
L	■	E	■	I	■	D	■	S	■	T	■	B	■	M
I	N	F	I	E	L	D	■	A	C	H	I	E	V	E
M	■	L	■	S	■	H	■	N	■	E	■	R	■	N
B	A	Y	S	■	C	A	R	T	W	R	I	G	H	T

Crossword Puzzle No. 2191

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 His stock-taking may well be a night job. (6,5)
9 See 21 down
10 A macho epithet for a woman, applied by Twain to a tramp. (6)
11 Does it make a color seem blended? (Retakes a pawn, too.) (7)
12 A psychic phenomenon by Yang's partner takes the force of gravity, seeing this? (7)
14 Acts tipsy around five, and really makes merry! (6)
15 What we went to Vancouver for certainly has to take place before development! (8)
17 Where relatively sedate 14 might take place has everything in cleaner surroundings. (8)
20 Perhaps a bad joke his sort makes to teach the guilty a lesson. (6)
22 Not the batting team, describing a low probability. (7)
24 Pass the tuna salad, being at least partly responsible for the drink. (4,3)
26 Well, I declare! That's what I do with it every April! (6)
27 Southern Californians who make us yawn? (They work hard at it!) (8)
28 A cooking vessel he put on—zero capacity—*that's the way to rank with the gods!* (11)

DOWN

2 and 23 Make amends for evil in the old days, like a hawk does—all at once! (2,3,4,5)
3 Mother's in trouble, but this might take care of the drinks. (7)
4 and 13 Simple expressions, but you might secure your furniture on this. (4,5)
5 Get the chief over to have a bite—you won't see tails this way. (Alert someone with it.) (5,2)
6 This Civil War general was obviously ahead of his time. (5)
7 What certain 9 say when they're dealing with posers. (6)
8 One who forbids a sign to be carried in the parade? (6)
13 See 4
16 In California a December visitor takes a voyage, one hears. (5,4)
18 Former students of a bitter subject ending in uprising. (6)
19 Those fellows in the lodge who finally get square? (The left part, possibly.) (7)
20 False hope when it comes to transportation, but an exemplification of a sunny personality. (7)
21 and 9 across They wouldn't go far in the marble ring, but they have at least a fair reputation. (6,8)
23 See 2
25 Such a moon is seldom seen, which is sad, in a way. (4)

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